# THE CORRESPONDENCE OF TWO LOVERS.

## INHABITANTS OF LYONS.

*PUBLISHED FROM THE FRENCH ORIGINALS.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

*Mortem orant: tædet cœli convexa tueri.* VIRG.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY ZACHARIAH JACKSON,
FOR GRUEBER AND M'ALLISTER, No. 59, DAME-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

THE

# CORRESPONDENCE

OF

# TWO LOVERS.

## LETTER XLV.

### TERESA TO FALDONI.

HOW tranſitory are the ſmiles of pleaſure! After enjoying that delightful day, when you quitted me, I ſeemed abandoned by the univerſe. Alas! how then ſhall I ſupport the idea of the ſeparation which you appear to foreſee? But why do you, my beſt beloved, you whoſe loſs nothing could ſupply to my heart, diſtreſs me with your complaints? Why do we not rather enjoy the happy moments which fortune puts in our power? Let us not anticipate the future with ſolicitude; and torment ourſelves with an idea of what may never happen. Your melancholy afflicts me; for my boſom ſympathizes in all your ſentiments.—I wiſh to ſee you in poſſeſſion of content; and could I procure it for you, would ſacrifice my

own peace of mind for the ſake of yours. In theſe fair fields, with hoary prudence, and village honeſty, why may I not, in your company, forget the world, and, rich in poſſeſſion of your heart, leave the reſt of mankind to the tyranny of intereſt and ambition? What then would all the fortunes on earth be to me? A cottage and you, my dear Faldoni, would be the pinnacle of my pride. Are not you my treaſure; and could I fail of bliſs in the narrow aſylum to which fate would confine me with you? Yes, my friend, let Heaven unite us, and I ſubmit to its ſevereſt diſpenſations. With you I could cheerfully endure miſery, misfortune, deſertion of mankind, and death. I ſhould prefer a wilderneſs with you to all the glitter of a court in your abſence. You ſhould ſee my ſtrip off the pageantry of luxury, and exchange the vain ornaments of my ſex for the ruſſet gown; inure my hands to labour, ſhare your fatigues, and comfort myſelf under my ſufferings with the hopes of relieving yours. You aſk me, if, like you, I have a taſte for the ſimplicity of rural pleaſures. Depend on it, they are dear to me. They leave no ſting of regret or repentance behind; and are the only ones adapted to our nature. Who has leiſure in cities to love himſelf as he ought, amid the confuſion of buſineſs and the agitation of ſociety? It is in the country that two hearts in tender union may correſpond with each other; ſurrounded with the charms of nature, they are irreſiſtibly diſpoſed to a mutual confidence; their ſenſibility is quickened, but not diſtracted. At ſight of a fine landſcape there ſeems to be a neceſſity of expreſſing the pleaſure it inſpires; we muſt impart the happineſs

pineſs which we receive. In the company of a friend, the fields appear more gay, the air more pure, the day more bright; the magic of his countenance enlivens all around it. Yes, I anticipate the bliſsful life which we ſhall enjoy: only one thing will be wanting to complete our gratification, the conſent of my father; but God, the diſpoſer of hearts, can he not change even his? And if our union is ſanctioned by the awful decrees of his wiſe providence, can all the powers of man prevent it? Truſt me, we have every thing to hope for from eternity Juſtice, the diſtributer of good and evil, who rewards and puniſhes, and who reſerves a crown for virtue, ſometimes indeed late received, but ever certain. You doubt whether time may not weaken my affection, and involve the ſincerity of my heart in the decay of my beauty. How unjuſt are your apprehenſions! And do you dread the inconſtancy of me who loved you before I had ſeen you; of me who was intereſted in your favour by your name alone; and who could not hear you ſpoken of without a bluſh? Ah! Faldoni, how dear were you to me, even when I was unacquainted with your partiality! What did I not ſuffer till my mother approved of my paſſion! What inward ſtruggles to ſuſtain! They were too violent for me; my health declined; you ventured to write to me; I was imprudent enough to anſwer you; and relieved my heart at the expence of my duty; I felt myſelf more at eaſe, when I had depoſited my ſecret in your boſom; but, at the ſame time, experienced the remorſe of guilt; and if any thing lightened the conſciouſneſs of my fault, it was the opinion of your virtue, I demanded ſacrifices of

you; your obedience, while it proved the ſincerity of your love, added fuel to mine; many times was I tempted to recall you from the baniſhment to which the dread of having you too near obliged me to ſentence you; my wiſhes were juſt kindling to ſee you again, when you ruſhed from your ſolitude. The alarming ſituation of a father called you to Italy! you came to bid me adieu. What an adieu! the ſcene will never be eraſed from my memory. My mother, who might have been offended at my confeſſion, was ſoftened by it; from the good curate's kind offices, ſhe was diſpoſed to be our advocate; yet that was the inſtant choſen by you for your departure. I own that at firſt your conduct provoked me; but how ready was I to plead your juſtification! How could I refuſe my eſteem to this noble effort of filial piety? The more it intereſted me, the more I felt the weight of your abſence; my indiſpoſition increaſed; I fell into a dangerous conſumption, and was at the point of death, when you again made your appearance. Shall I tell you that your preſence reſtored me to life? Shall I tell you, that the hope of being united to you revived in my almoſt extinguiſhed ſenſes the love of exiſtence? Oh! how charming to me was the idea of loving you without reſerve! How proud was I of my paſſion! What an enchanting appearance every thing aſſumed in my eyes! How beautiful the face of nature! Nothing was indifferent to me; the ſuſceptibility of my feelings extended to every object; never was I happier, and would gladly in the ſame manner ſpend the remainder of my days. Conſider this, my Faldoni, and you muſt own how groundleſs

are

are your complaints. What is wanting to our felicity? Every thing ſmiles on us; our flame need not be concealed from my mother; ſhe grants to our fondneſs all the honeſt freedom we can deſire; for whole days we are in each other's company; you come in the morning, and do not retire till night; a diverſity of amuſements employs and ſhortens our time. Do you recollect the concert at which you ſung that ſimple and affecting air? Our tears flowed at the tender notes, and the muſic was a while ſuſpended. We experience all the pleaſures of an amorous confidence. Our eyes no longer court the ground, when they meet; but we read in them, without reſerve, our mutual felicity. I can hardly find leiſure to diſcharge my little duties to my mother. Inſatiable tyrant that you are! it is you who engroſs my time. Not a motion, nor a word of mine but is inſpired by you. Formerly I did not let a week ſlip without writing to my couſin; but of late I have neglected, forgotten her; indeed I forget all but you; I ſee nothing but you; to direct my thoughts I conſult your looks; and read in them what I ſhall ſay, or do. Tell me who loves with greater fondneſs than mine, and the example ſhall provoke my emulation. No, Faldoni, none loves like me; nor feels my torment when I am doomed to paſs an hour without ſeeing you; no, it cannot be that any one can deſire your preſence more ardently, wait for you with more impatience, or behold your return with a ſincerer joy. O you who can exhilarate me with a ſmile, name, if you know it, a more faithful attachment. You urge me to forſake my father, and to form, without his conſent, an illegal connection. Could I madly agree to ſo wild a ſcheme;

ſcheme; do you imagine that, with the authority of law, he would not ſoon tear me from your arms, and perhaps cruſh you with the weight of his vengeance? Or would my mother herſelf befriend your impatience? You muſt not flatter yourſelf with ſuch an expectation. That good mother is too jealous of my happineſs, to countenance me in ſo imprudent and forward a conduct. I forewarn you, that ſhe is my confident; that I have ſhewn her your letter and my own; and that by her direction I wrote this caveat. She ſays that you are a child; that you raiſe chimeras to oppoſe them; and that contrary to you, ſhe is perſuaded your paſſion will be crowned at laſt.—She hopes, by a prudent delay, gradually to win Mr. de St. Cyran's approbation of her choice and arrangements; in the mean time ſhe recommends to you the utmoſt diſcretion. She daily expects Madam d'Armian, who has great influence with my father, and whom ſhe will intreat to give us all the ſupport in her power. This is a fair ſtatement of our circumſtances, and I muſt own that to me they do not appear deſperate.—Forbear then to indulge a melancholy which diſtreſſes me. For Heaven's ſake! ſuppreſs your uneaſineſs, and let me believe at leaſt that I ſuffer alone. Poſſibly our deſigns may be fruſtrated, but it will be time enough to lament when that happens. Why ſhould the apprehenſion of diſtant evil imbitter the good which we enjoy?—You are going to loſe a friend for a few months; Mr. —— the Curate is obliged to leave us, that he may ſettle with his ſucceſſor for the government of his old pariſh; but you will have the company of my dear Conſtantia; ſhe is coming with her mother,

mther, and will ſpend her autumn at Ormes, agreeably to her promiſe. Do not diſturb my ſatisfaction on this occaſion by your complaints; but rather ſhare the happineſs I ſhall enjoy in poſſeſſing ſo good a friend. She is my other ſelf; diſputes my heart with you, and love is not a more active ſentiment than our friendſhip. How many things ſhall we have to communicate after an abſence of ſix months? What changes have happened ſince our ſeparation! When ſhe left me, who could foreſee that you would become the maſter of my fate, you who had hardly engaged my attention? But you were to triumph over my defenceleſs heart, and to break my repoſe with the ſtorm of paſſion. However that affectionate friend anticipated what has happened. Love her, Faldoni, love her with all your ſoul; you are more indebted to her than you can imagine. She by her divine eloquence encouraged me to admit a new ſentiment; ſhe firſt drew your panegyric, before my eyes were fatally dazzled with your merits, even before you were known to me. But I do not wiſh her to feel the thouſand anxieties of which ſhe has been the innocent cauſe, and which it was not in her power to prevent, devoted as my heart was to love you.

LETTER

## LETTER XLVI.

### FALDONI TO THE CURATE.

WHERE is my dear Mentor? How are you employed at this diſtance from a friend who is miſerable in your abſence? Where are thoſe hours when I confided my ſecret diſtreſſes to your boſom? You were my comforter, my guide and my ſupport; not a thought but I communicated to you; you ſympathized with me in my ſorrow, and reſtored to my ſoul the enlivening beams of hope and joy. Alas! thoſe days of confidence and tranquillity are fled, when in the form of a venerable paſtor, I beheld wiſdom graciouſly condeſcend to dwell among us, and to join in our paſtimes; when my worthy friend enjoyed the felicity of two lovers, and ſhared their tender emotions. O my benefactor! you deprived me of my pleaſures by your removal.—Whence comes this heavineſs of heart, and what reaſon have I to complain? Favours and attentions are laviſhed on me; Miſs de St. Cyran has not altered her ſentiments reſpecting me; and yet my cheeks are bedewed with involuntary tears! It is too true, that my happineſs is on the decline. I ſee the days of misfortune approach; we are beginning to ſeparate. It is dreadful to part, when we have been accuſtomed to the pleaſure of ſeeing each other: the ſoul tears herſelf with anguiſh from the ſociety ſhe has choſen. But what in the world continues at one

one ſtay? We loved each other; we lived together in perfect harmony; the connection muſt be broken; and thus nature prepares us for the ſhock of our final ſeparation. Time flies, and bruſhes away human friendſhip with his wings, as the wind diſperſes the duſt. Acquaintances remove at a diſtance from each other, without meeting again; or if they reviſit old ſcenes, are ſurpriſed to find that they have loſt their charm. In this caſe the heart is not changed; but ſituations ceaſe to be the ſame. Fatal variety! that deſtroys the enchantment of a laſting and peaceable poſſeſſion. But let me drop theſe diſagreeable reflections for a gayer ſubject.

Miſs d'Armian is arrived; Madam de St. Cyran, her daughter, Mr. de Themine who came on purpoſe to ſee her, and myſelf, ſat out to meet her on the road. As ſoon as Conſtantia could diſcover her couſin, ſhe ſtretched out her arm at the window of the carriage, and ſhook her handkerchief. O dear Mamma, cried Tereſa, it is ſhe! it is ſhe! and darted forward like lightning. Conſtantia called out to the coachman to drive faſter, and ſprang half out of the carriage. It was charming to ſee the impatience of the two affectionate fair ones. At laſt the company joined them; Madam d'Armian, and her daughter got out; the two couſins, after ſaluting their aunts, flew into each other's arms, without ſpeaking; and mingled their tears for want of utterance. I envied their felicity; and comparing their calm ſatisfaction with the tumultuous tranſports of love, I almoſt wiſhed to have been the friend of Tereſa, rather than her lover. She walked a good way before us with her

her couſin; the two mothers proceeded together, and Mr. de Themine was my companion. In converſing on the ſcene which we had juſt witneſſed, I took occaſion to ſpeak in praiſe of friendſhip. The ambitious, ſaid I, aſpires after honours; the covetous ſeeks to enrich himſelf; the voluptuous man chooſes eaſe and pleaſure; but every body agrees in wiſhing for a friend. There have been wretches who have dared to blaſpheme the Moſt High, and to deny his exiſtence; but there is no barbarian ſo intractable as not to be won by friendſhip. Robbers unite with their brother-robbers; vice has her connections as well as virtue; it is true, that thoſe unnatural leagues are not more durable than inundations; but they prove at leaſt the extenſive empire of friendſhip, which is as neceſſary to man as the fire. What is friendſhip but an interchange of affection and ſervices, founded on virtue and the ſympathy of ſouls? Deprive ſociety of this reciprocal benevolence, and you break every tie. Man depends on man; the king of this lower creation is of all beings the moſt indigent; he requires cloaths to cover him, which the brute has received from nature; in infancy and in age he needs the aſſiſtance of his fellow-creatures; even in youth he grows melancholy, if alone; but he eſcapes from himſelf in the arms of a friend; there his fears vaniſh, and he feels himſelf equal to every enterpriſe.

The union of two ſouls, replied Mr. de Themine, did it correſpond with our beſt ideas of it, would be the moſt perfect ſtate in nature; but the depravity of mankind is too great to reach a condition ſo divine. We muſt ſuppoſe in two perſons

perſons a ſweet conformity of manners, a harmony of reciprocal eſteem, the ready ſacrifice of private intereſt, a devotion to the laws of friendſhip, fidelity, diſcretion, zeal and conſtancy; in ſhort, an aſſemblage of all the ſocial virtues.

I am aware, I anſwered, that it is too much to hope for a faultleſs friend; we muſt undoubtedly make an allowance for human frailty; but if the heart is good, the defects of conſtitution and temper is pardonable. How delightful to draw a generous veil over the infirmities of a friend, and to throw a luſtre on the object of our attachment! There are moments of partiality, when to render it more eſtimable, we would borrow the illuſions of love. How charming to ſerve eſſentially the brother of our heart, to draw from the concealment of his boſom a confeſſion of his neceſſities, to promote his innocent pleaſures, and to partake with him the leaſt of his diſtreſſes! Friendſhip has been repreſented under the emblem of a woman with one hand on her heart, and the other embracing a leafleſs tree; affecting imagery! For what is friendſhip without misfortune? What virtue without trial? To be careſſed in proſperity is common; the world abounds with flatterers ever ready to ſell their friendſhip to the higheſt bidder; but to rally our ſtrength, to combat the adverſity of a friend, to ſuffer with him in diſgrace; to turn our backs on the world, that we may comfort a being who ſeems abandoned by the univerſe; this it is which renders friendſhip of all human ſentiments, the moſt auguſt and divine. Who can view with indifference Oreſtes and Pylades

contending to die for each other? Does not an example of ſuch generoſity call forth the tears of wonder and love? What conſolation dwells in friendſhip! What a charm it diffuſes through life! To be beloved is ſo tranſporting, that it ſeems to be ſharing a portion of divinity. And can there be found a heart ſo impenetrable as to deſpiſe the freedom of this amiable intercourſe, the commerce of benevolence and exchange of ſervices? No gloom can darken our days which a friend may not diſſipate; whatever evils we bear, the lot of humanity, we forget in his converſation; there is beſides a ſecret pleaſure enjoyed in ſuffering together, in mingling our tears, in mutually imparting our diſtreſſes.——I was ſtill ſpeaking, when the ladies came up to us; the converſation then became general, and we retook the road to the caſtle.

I ſhall never forget a friend I gained when a lad. It is not very common to ſee a grave and prudent man entertain a playful boy, take him for a companion in his walks, and introduce him to his acquaintance. I uſed to viſit him dirty as I came from ſchool, with ſcarce a coat to my back, and all the giddineſs of fourteen. I tumbled over his books and prints; carried them away, and ſometimes drew bad copies from them, which he carefully framed. I recall with rapture the winter evenings, when ſitting in the chimney-corner by his venerable father, the repreſentative of the patriarchs, above eighty years old, we framed our intereſting lectures. The houſekeeper, ſtanding behind our chairs, liſtened with an attentive ear, and joined her ſage reflections with ours. His habitation was as limited as his fortune, and theſe

delightful

delightful evenings were often ſpent in a little nook that ſerved him for a kitchen. There, while the frugal ſupper was preparing, we prolonged our diſcourſe, either in the grave or comic ſtyle; the good old man related to us at large the adventures of his youth, and we, with our legs ſtretched out on the hearth, devoured the narration. I never enjoyed any hours with ſuch ſatisfaction; for I was proud of bearing a part in ſociety, and of converſing with men, as till that time I had talked with none but children. It was the beſt of holidays to me, when I viſited my neighbour; and flew up his ſteps like a lark. How my heart danced with joy, when he opened his hoſpitable door! On feſtivals or days of leave, I repaired thither early; he took his ſtaff, called his dog, and we rambled in the adjoining fields. Often in wintry weather, and even the ſevereſt froſts of January, we thus walked out together, and I reckoned it an indulgence. I ſoon finiſhed the courſe of my ſtudies, ſat out on my travels, and loſt ſight of that worthy man. On my return home, I inquired diligently for him, but, alas! what havock is made in a few years! He had left his old lodging, to me ſo particularly dear; his ancient father was dead, and only his houſekeeper remained with him. I called on him, but it was no longer he; he hardly recollected me; the ſhocks of fortune had diſturbed his brain; he ſeemed to vegetate in a ſtate of childhood; and I turned my eyes from him to conceal my tears. Wretched lot of humanity! that the powers of reaſon ſhould lie at the mercy of every breeze! Dare you then arrogantly triumph in the advantages of underſtanding, you

whom the leaſt defect in the ſmalleſt wheel of this frail machine may reduce to the level of inſtinct in brutes? My friend did not long ſurvive the decay of his faculties; he had run his career, and death only ſeized the remainder of his prey. Before this humiliating change, no man was happier; every thing amuſed him; he was never diſcontented; and had the art of giving value to the moſt inſignificant trifles.

Excuſe my dwelling on ſuch minute particulars; who, Sir, knows to eſtimate them ſo well as you? It is a relief to my heart to give this account in writing; and I feel an additional pleaſure in paying the tribute of gratitude to friendſhip, in the preſence of a friend who has made me ſuch ample amends for my loſs.

## LETTER XLVII.

### TO THE SAME.

WE gave an invitation to Madam d'Armian, her daughter, and ſome ſtrangers, to take a walk in the park. As we entered the orangery, our two friends were agreeably ſurpriſed at the ſight of a green pavilion, ornamented with feſtoons, which ſeemed to hang naturally from the branches. Seats of turf on the inſide, ſprinkled with roſes, pinks, and tuberoſes, ſurrounded a table covered with cream, paſtry and the fineſt fruits in ſeaſon. We placed ourſelves promiſcuouſly round

round the table, while a gentle ſtream murmured at our feet, and a chorus of birds warbled in the ſhade. Madam d'Armian and her daughter, who preſided at the feaſt, enjoyed it with rapture. As the healths of the company circulated, a concert ſaluted them from the adjoining grove; and the ſound of inſtruments, blended with the melody of varied voices, allured them to approach the muſicians. Our gueſts flew to a ſpacious hall, formed by infoliated arcades, and bordered with a verdant amphitheatre, which furniſhed a ſeat to the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages; ſuch a numerous multitude appeared in ſtriking contraſt with the deep ſilence of the woods, that inſpired an enthuſiaſtic idea of ſacred ſolitude.—A variety of ſcenery was diſplayed under the trees, and ſeveral paſtoral pieces were repreſented by children with ingenuity ſuperior to their age.—In another part a knot of young men and maids, gathered round a ſet of venerable fathers and matrons, exhibited a lively picture of a village-evening. As ſoon as the ſignal was given from the orcheſtra, the actors aroſe, and forming themſelves into two companies, began the dance. A young maid, dreſſed in white, of beauty not to be viewed with indifference, was led by a young man, whoſe figure was turned by the graces. Their hands bloomed with noſegays, which they preſented to Madam d'Armian and her daughter; the lovely couple had that day paid their vows at the altar of Hymen; and Miſs de St. Cyran from her own ſavings and a few preſents from her mother, portioned the bride. She had fixed the period of her couſin's arrival for that of their union; it was her deſign, ſhe ſaid, to concentre her gratificati-

ons, and to dedicate ſo welcome a day to the pleaſure of making others happy. When the ſports were over, we walked to an alley of lofty trees, where a ſumptuous repaſt was prepared; the ladies ſat down to table, the gentlemen ſtood behind to wait their pleaſure, and to receive their hoſpitable attentions. It was charming to ſee the long chain of damſels uniformly decorated, and the village-ſwains their humble ſervants, with favours of ribbons ſtreaming from their hats. The mirth that ſhone in their countenances, the ſallies of laughter, the repartees, the merry tales, the ſongs, the cheerful freedom, exceeded the powers of deſcription. Their happineſs was communicated to me, and a tide of pleaſure glided through my veins. Tereſa and Conſtantia were too much engaged in doing the honours of the feſtival to ſhare our amuſement. The air reſounded with their names, and the bleſſings of the gueſts mingled with the muſic of ruſtic couplets. They continued dancing till the black wings of night overſhadowed the plain. Artificial fireworks were then diſplayed from the canal. The front of the caſtle, the avenues of the park, and the parterres, were all illuminated. The columns of light that ſtreamed from the flowery alcoves, the rockets that in their fall ſpangled the air with ſtars, and covered us with a ſudden blaze, the magic influence of a fine evening, the notes of inſtruments, the agreeable confuſion of ſongs and voices in ſo numerous an aſſembly, joined to render it a moſt enchanting ſpectable. I am now going to refreſh myſelf with a little ſleep; for you are to know, that I was maſter of the ceremonies, inſtructed the children to behave, taught them

their

their dramatic parts, diſpoſed the decorations, and attended to the preſervation of order. Theſe arrangements were my ſtudy for a fortnight, and the dread of miſcarrying in the attempt made me paſs many reſtleſs evenings. I hope this will be a quiet one, and I mean to repoſe on my laurels, if ſlumber will indeed be courted to compoſe my eyes. But how ſhall I forget *her* for a moment? How ceaſe to gaze on that angel ſurrounded by all thoſe who are indebted to her for happineſs, and partaker with them in joy? What a triumph? How every way worthy of her heart! I never heard a panegyric ſo intereſting as that of the peaſants who adore her. Some knelt before her; ſome having kiſſed the hem of her garment, walked away with exquiſite ſatisfaction; others ſeemed beſide themſelves from their exultation at obtaining her ſmile. This is not merely being beloved, but incroaching on the privilege of the Deity. I led the two couſins through the mirthful crowd into the park. We walked ſometime in a lonely grove, where the joyous tumult could only reach us in a dying murmur. Tereſa, holding her couſin's hand, fetched a deep ſigh; and her handkerchief happening to fall, on taking it up, I perceived it wet with her tears. Alas! I cried, it is eaſier to promote the happineſs of others than our own. Faldoni, ſhe replied, this has been too bliſsful a day; henceforth I muſt expect nothing but misfortunes. To baniſh her melancholy, Conſtantia brought us back to the convivial circle, where the merriment, noiſe, and buſtle, relieved us with a ſeaſonable diſſipation. The dancing continued till day-break. Then Tereſa took her couſin and me by the arm, and we ſat

down together on a hillock in the middle of the park. From thence we viewed the firſt bluſhes of the morn; Venus ſparkled with her unrivalled luſtre; the horizon was diverſified with purple and ſilver clouds; all nature around us in a perfect calm; ſcarce could the notes of the violin affect our ear with their faint vibrations. Tereſa raiſed her watery eyes to Heaven, and then looked on me with inexpreſſible tenderneſs. A gentle melancholy took poſſeſſion of our ſouls; and our reflections became ſerious. Tereſa reminded me of the infant ſeaſon of our loves, that ſeaſon ſo delightful, and ſo ſwiftly fled. We were once happy! ſhe cried, but ſhall we always continue ſo? Shall our bliſs endure even for a moderate period? Are not our hearts themſelves ſubject to change like every thing in nature? I am too well acquainted with the uncertainty of events, to depend on laſting ſatisfaction. Seeing that I wept, ſhe ſaid, why diſtreſs yourſelf, my friend? It becomes us to be prepared for every reverſe of fortune. Probably the days of our felicity are at an end; do not let us entertain a falſe notion of our condition; that reſts with Providence, who can render it for ever proſperous; but you ſee what dangers threaten us; let us therefore be grateful to Heaven for every additional day of happineſs; for my part I dare not hope for another. It is my opinion, that human prudence ſhould be confined, not to the prevention of evils which we dread without having to avoid them; but gratefully to enjoy the real benefits beſtowed on us. Let us love each other, my dear Faldoni, with the ſame fondneſs as if we were ſure to part to-morrow; to part,

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did I ſay? no rather as if we were to reſign our lives; for I flatter myſelf, ſhe added, giving me her hand, in a tone that penetrated to my heart, I flatter myſelf that our engagement will be the concern of our lives. I covered her hand with kiſſes and tears; ſhe aroſe, and taking the noſegay from her boſom; let us conſecrate, ſhe cried, this ſpot where I have perhaps received the laſt pleaſure I am to enjoy. With this, ſhe laid the flowers on the turf where ſhe was ſitting.—Enchanting ſpot! which I ſhall never approach without veneration. Her noſegay will fade: but our hearts, I may venture to ſwear, will ever glow with the ſame affection.

## LETTER XLVIII.

### FALDONI TO TERESA.

MY DEAR TERESA,

THE profound traces of the melancholy that preys on my mind have not eſcaped you; with a tender ſolicitude you have endeavoured to remove it; and your generous labours have had every ſucceſs that might have been expected; my features have reſumed their former gaiety; my heart has danced in your preſence, and I have ſaid to myſelf, I am at laſt happy! Dear momentary illuſion, too flattering dream, deſtroyed at the firſt dawn of light! Reſtored to reflection, and removed from the enchantreſs that had

amuſed me, I become myſelf again, and feel nothing but my own wretchedneſs. Lovely friend, may you continue to live in peace! Your ſoul is pure as the opening morn; you have no reaſon, like me, to groan with ſelf-accuſation. Ah, my father! how often did you foretell every thing that has happened to me! Why did I not liſten to your prudent remonſtrances? But youth is heedleſs, preſumptuous, and entirely borne away by its own impetuoſity. As the days of my childhood were expiring, I began to look about me; I perceived that in my native country there was neither fortune for me, nor ſucceſs to be expected; reſpect was confined to riches, and riches were only to be acquired by intrigue. Born with a haughty ſoul, fond of independence, and an enemy to all meanneſs, what could I do? The proſpect dejected me, my temper was on the rack of anguiſh. I preferred baniſhment and miſery; bade an everlaſting adieu to a country from which my heart was not weaned; and paid it the tribute of tears at parting. I found myſelf an outcaſt at eighteen years of age, in a foreign country, without a friend, without relations, without fortune, and without appointment. Sometimes I looked back to the delightful quarter I had abandoned, with a deſire to return; but a thouſand cruel reflections ruſhed to my mind, and ſoon baniſhed that idea. What crime have I committed, ſaid I to myſelf, that the arrows of misfortune are levelled at me? Had I merited the indignation of heaven, I ſhould ſubmit to its vengeance. Yet this period which then appeared ſo diſmal to me, was one of the happieſt in my life; my heart had not yet rebelled againſt the authority

authority of virtue; and I had at leaſt the comfort of ſelf-ſatisfaction. I ſhall draw the curtain over a number of extravagancies which did not procure me a week's happineſs. An intoxicated man, at intervals ſober, depictures the imbecility of my youth. Yet amid the delirium of my reaſon, I heard at times that whiſpering voice, which we never ſlight with impunity. I always entertained an abhorrence of adultery; the rights of a huſband appeared ſacred to me; and it ſeemed in my mind as criminal to ſteal the affections of a man's wife, as to rob him of any other property. But to avoid one error, I fell into another; I had not the ſame reſpect for innocence; forgetting that it was under the guard of honeſty and public decorum; the theft which I dared not commit toward a huſband, an imprudent father, or an unſuſpecting harmleſs mother, ſuffered from me without ſcruple. How falſe is the logic of the paſſions! How eaſily are we miſled by their ſophiſms! At laſt, however, my eyes were opened by a dreadful leſſon; and I did not diſcover the abyſs before me, till I had fallen into it.

I had paſſed ſome days in the country at an eſtate about ten leagues from Paris. The family of my entertainer conſiſted of himſelf and two daughters; the eldeſt affable, amiable, intereſting, ſupplied by a thouſand winning graces, the charms of perſon which nature had denied her. I had never been in love, and unfortunately ſhe did not inſpire me with that generous paſſion; but ſhe raiſed in me emotions which muſt ever be excited by youth with ſuch advantages. Whereas her heart, for which perhaps the fatal period was arrived,

arrived, gave itſelf up without reſerve to my firſt advances. In this family I ſaw a quiet orderly life, domeſtic virtues, hoſpitality, beneficence, and ſincerity, without the leaſt ſuſpicion of deceit in others. They had paſſed three ſummers in the country, and returned to Paris to ſpend in the winter a moderate income, ſufficient to maintain themſelves decently, and to entertain a ſelect number of friends. The young folks, confined to a narrow circle, were unacquainted with the world and the perfidy of ſociety; their ſouls were undiſguiſed as they came from the hands of the Creator, for they had not faſhionably impaired nor improved their original faculties. In conſequence of an obligation I had conferred on the father, he preſſed me in the warmth of gratitude to pay a viſit to his eſtate, and after many excuſes I yielded to his invitation. Unfortunate old man! he blindly ſolicited me to bring into his houſe confuſion and diſhonour. In the evening after ſupper, before we had left the table, he urged me frequently to relate to the little circle the hiſtory of my travels; and during my recital, Louiſa ſhewed her ſympathy by her tears. When I painted the ſcenes of a diſtracted life, the horrors of misfortune under which I had languiſhed, the affronts I was obliged to digeſt in the preſence of overbearing wealth, and arrogant greatneſs, that rapid ſucceſſion of different conditions which I embraced and relinquiſhed, the moment I felt the weight of my fetters; when I repreſented myſelf like a galley ſlave ſtruggling with deſtiny, ſtill retaining that love of liberty which made me revolt at the ſhadow of ſubjection, unhappy by fate, but more unhappy through my ſpirit of independence,

dependence, which preſented nothing but a gloomy proſpect of futurity: Louiſa liſtened with the moſt apparent concern, her eyes fixed on me, as if ſhe ſhared my ſufferings, giving vent occaſionally to deep ſighs, and ſometimes interrupting my narrative with generous exclamations. She admired my courage; my pride under diſtreſs did not diſpleaſe her; ſhe eſteemed the dignity of my reſolution in quitting my country, and told me with the moſt charming ſweetneſs, that I ſhould find it again in France. I ſpent whole days with her and her ſiſter; the habit of being together drew cloſer every hour the bands of a growing friendſhip; neither love nor ſeduction were my plan, and I muſt do myſelf the juſtice to ſay, that I frequently repreſſed the fainteſt idea of diſturbing the tranquillity of theſe timorous doves. The father intruſted his children to me with a confidence, which, alas! was cruelly abuſed. But how could the good man ſuſpect in another, a vice which was a ſtranger to his boſom? One morning I walked with the two ſiſters in the neighbouring fields; the beauty of the riſing ſun, the ſong of a thouſand feathered warblers, the mildneſs and freſhneſs of the air, and a ſecret ſpirit of voluptuouſneſs which ſtole through every channel of nature, inſinuated itſelf powerfully into the heart. I plunged into the gloom of the wood with Louiſa; her ſiſter, who was employed in gathering ſtrawberries, loſt ſight of us; ſhe called us ſeveral times; when we at length returned; but we appeared like two criminals, with bluſhing countenances, and I with the pangs of inward remorſe.—My Louiſa, whom I had ſeen ſo gay, ſo ſportive, ſo tenderly ingenuous,

ingenuous, had loſt thoſe diſtinctions. A mournful ſilence concealed her ſentiments; grief overſhadowed her countenance; ſhe frequently directed a deeply tender glance at me, and turned her humid eyes downward when ſhe met mine. If I ſpoke to her, ſhe bluſhed; if I removed from her, ſhe wept; if I touched her hand, ſhe trembled as it were with an ague. One day ſhe ſaid to me, you have made me very miſerable! I no longer dare to look up, on your account. At another time I found her ſitting on the ground, at the foot of a chair, her face reſting on her hands, and heaving bitter ſighs; I entreated her to be compoſed; repreſenting to her that ſhe ſhould not increaſe our misfortune by making it known. Ah! ſhe replied, could you but teach me how to forget it! This anſwer the more affected me, as I was unable to offer any thing in my own juſtification. My offence ſtruck me in all its glaring colours; I fancied that I heard her father reproach me with tearful eyes,—ungrateful man, what have you done! I embraced you with the arms of hoſpitality; I gave you the welcome of a friend to my houſe; or rather, I treated you as my ſon; I left at your mercy the treaſure of my life, the tender image of a beloved wife who breathes no more, the only fruits of our union; in ſhort, I confided to you two lambs who were ſtrangers to the fainteſt ſhadow of vice: you impiouſly ſaid in your heart, let me corrupt theſe ſimple ſouls that repoſe an unlimited confidence in me; let me wound this honeſt old fellow in his moſt tender part, and give him eternal cauſe to weep for his benevolence.——At laſt, tired of my own gloomy reflections, I parted with the injured

jured family, leaving behind me horror, deſpair, ſhame, and repentance. When I arrived at Paris, I endeavoured, by mingling with the crowd, to avoid myſelf; I courted diſſipation, and at the end of a few months, if I had not intirely loſt the idea of Louiſa, it was conſiderably weakened, the phantom haunted me as it were at a diſtance. Winter brought to town my victim and her relations; a note I received from the unſuſpicious father appriſed me of their arrival, and invited me to viſit them. I paid my reſpects accordingly. The old gentleman happened to be from home; and Louiſa did not reproach me for my unkindneſs in leaving her, or the ſix months that I ſuffered to paſs without the leaſt token of my being alive; nor the oblivion to which I ſeemed to have conſigned her. Her lips only returned me thanks for the favour of my viſit, and the regard which I expreſſed for her welfare. I found her prodigiouſly altered; ſhe appeared dreadfully emaciated and conſumptive. I aſked her, if ſhe had been ill; no, ſhe replied with a forced ſmile; but I have had my troubles. This hint pierced my ſoul; I was about to fall at her feet, if the appearance of the ſiſter had not prevented me. Charming girl! not to allow herſelf one complaint! Ever equally tender without a return! She perceived my emotion, and was affected by it; her hand, which I held, gently preſſed mine, and ſhe ſighed; the tribute of eſteem that I paid her was a poor acknowledgment for ſo much love; ſhe felt it, and ſuffered the moſt cruel anguiſh; I ſaw her ſtrength gradually decline, unable to ſupport it. Diſtracted by the view of her wrongs, and torn with remorſe for having been

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the author of them, I began to withdraw my viſits; and by degrees ſaw her only at very diſtant intervals. This barbarous treatment did not change the even tenor of her diſpoſition; ſhe continued at all times tender, affectionate, and engaging: but her decay viſibly increaſed every hour; ſhe experienced the regular gradations of a decline, and ſtep by ſtep beheld the approach of the univerſal tyrant. One day when ſhe was alone, I expreſſed my uneaſineſs for the alarming ſtate of her health; I conjured her to live for the ſake of her friends; my concern made me eloquent, and taking her hand with an air of affection which I had never ſhewn her before, I preſſed it to my lips: ſhe withdrew it, and ſaid, in a mournful accent,—Ah! Sir, you have made me drink a bitter cup! A delicate glow ſpread over her pale, withered cheeks; ſhe raiſed her hands to heaven, and, in a piteous tone, cried, My God, lend me ſtrength to ſupport my reſolutions! Then making me ſit beſide her, and deſiring me not to interrupt her, ſhe ſaid to me with a voice of ſweetneſs and dignity which it is impoſſible for me to expreſs,—I have long intended to talk with you; the words have often been ready to ſtart from my lips, but a falſe delicacy, fear, or I know not what ſentiment, has hitherto prevented me; the time, however, is come when I muſt pour out my ſoul to you, and I conjure the Divine Mercy to aſſiſt me in this inſtance of ſelf-denial. You perceived the victory you had gained over me at firſt ſight; indeed I knew not how to conceal it; bred up at home, I was too little acquainted with the world to miſtruſt an inclination which ſeemed replete with happineſs;

happineſs; I therefore gave myſelf up to it without heſitation, with all the ingenuous ſimplicity of my age. The looks, the cares and particular attentions, which you ſeemed to beſtow on me, and which I miſtook for a return of tenderneſs, completed my deception. How eaſily is a lover impoſed on! I ſaw you flatter my taſte; prevent my wiſhes; court my glances; place yourſelf by me at table, at play, in walking; direct your diſcourſe to me with a warmth not ſhewn to any other perſon; reprove me for my faults with a ſweetneſs that charmed me. I concluded that I was beloved, and you took no pains to undeceive me! When you endeavoured to draw from the inmoſt receſſes of my heart the ſecret of my weakneſs, I made as full a confeſſion as you could deſire, with a ſimplicity which at preſent aſtoniſhes me; and yet you did not undeceive me! The hour of my deſtruction at length arrived; I will not dwell on that fatal period of my life; we ſhould both have too much occaſion to bluſh, and it would be unjuſt to reproach you with a fault of which I ſhared the criminality. But what apology can be made for your behaviour ſince? I had ſcarcely quitted your arms, and my eyes were ſtill bedewed with the tears of repentance, when you abandoned me! You left us perhaps without a thought of returning; and I remained forlornly behind, the victim of ſhame and diſtreſs. You did not witneſs my tears; you did not hear my exclamations; you were far enough from me, loſt in the diſſipation of pleaſure, and perhaps taken up with new amours; perhaps you never beſtowed a moment's reflection, except to give a zeſt to your riotous mirth, that there was a family,

family, obſcure, it is true, but honeſt and virtuous, who owed to you the diſgrace of an unfortunate daughter. The ſuppoſition is horrid, and I dread giving way to it. Yet ſix months elapſed, and but for a note which I confeſs my father was perſuaded to write at my inſtigation, I preſume that we ſhould never have ſeen you again.—However you did return, but how altered! You appeared abſent, unconverſible, reſtleſs; my alarm could not eſcape you, as I did not attempt to conceal it; yet you left my heart to its anguiſh with the indifference of a man who loves no longer, or rather who had never loved. I recalled with bitterneſs the days of your amorous attachment. How unlike you were to yourſelf! You deprived me of all that was charming in life. The pleaſure I had enjoyed in the certainty of your affection, had the painful effect on my mind of awaking from an agreeable dream. My health, which was already impaired, felt the finiſhing ſhock; I viewed the rapid approach of my laſt hour as the concluſion of my ſorrows; and began to form the reſolution of breaking off all intercourſe with you, and to give myſelf up entirely to that Sovereign Being whom I had too long forgotten. Fond project! of a heart ſtill too much attached to the world. I ſaw you, and every day my reſolution became weaker; a word from you made me forget all your ill uſage, and left me as wavering as before. Yet it was abſolutely neceſſary to be decided; the only excuſe for love is a return of affection; but it is madneſs in the extreme to perſiſt in loving thoſe to whom we are indifferent. Beſides I cannot poſſibly live long; I muſt ſhortly render a ſtrict account of my actions to my Judge; the

the ſmall remains of life that I can hope for, leave not a moment to ſpare for aught but my preparation; I muſt renounce my errors, and have ſolicited your attention, that you may receive my eternal adieu; this is the laſt day I ſhall ever behold you; and theſe the laſt words I ſhall ever ſpeak to you. Then riſing majeſtically, ſhe left me confounded, humbled, with a dejected countenance, trembling like a criminal who has received ſentence of death. A ſudden revolution took place in my heart; love entered my boſom as the unfortunate lady baniſhed it from hers.—One word, I cried, drawing her back to the chair which ſhe had quitted; I condemn myſelf; I confeſs, my injuſtice; I have anticipated every charge you have brought againſt me, and a hundred more. I confeſs, with deep contrition, that I have treated you with horrid ingratitude. But is there no hope of pardon? May I not be allowed to make reparation for the wrongs I have committed? Speak, Miſs; how will you diſpoſe of a repentant criminal who throws himſelf at your feet, conjuring you to reſtore to him that confidence he has loſt? So ſaying, I embraced her knees. Reparation! ſaid ſhe, there is no time for that; of what avail could it be to a dying girl? Reparation! added ſhe with warmth, can any be made for the love I laviſhed on you, or in atonement for the injuries you have done me? Do you believe, can you flatter yourſelf, that I will now conſent to accept of ſatisfaction for ſuch accumulated wrongs? No, Sir, pity is a poor recompenſe for love; I am too proud to be indebted to gratitude, or perhaps a more humiliating ſentiment, for the return which you proffer. I prayed, I conjured

jured her to grant me the name of huſband.—There was a time, ſhe replied, when it would have gratified my ambition; but you ſee what I am at preſent; the bands of Hymen would be broken as ſoon as formed; I muſt forego your propoſal; the only favour I aſk of you is to let me be your laſt victim. I beg this of you for the ſake of your ſoul, which is ſtill dear to me; give over theſe ſhameful ſeductions which are juſtly attended with ſuch baleful conſequences; never corrupt another virtuous and unſuſpecting heart. What glory can reſult from it? It is a triumph that coſts the conqueror ſo little! Believe me, juſtice ſends to the ſcaffold malefactors leſs odious than the ſeducer who ſtabs the vitals of innocence. Here that converſation ended, a word of which has not eſcaped my memory. This was the laſt day I ever ſaw her; I went afterward often to her door without being admitted; and in a few months they told me that ſhe was dead. The phantom of the unfortunate girl never quitted me; my heart was corroded by a viper that poiſoned every pleaſure. I flew for relief to the ſophiſtry of the learned; they told me that the morality of actions depended on opinion; that good and evil are relative terms; that what is virtue in one country is vice in another; that probity is the practice of what is convenient; they added, that happineſs conſiſts in enjoyment, and wiſdom in a judicious indulgence; that prejudice has rendered ſhame a virtue; that in many countries the corruption of manners is authoriſed by law, and conſecrated by religion.—I bluſh to purſue their ſophiſms. Ah! my dear Tereſa, how many avenues are open for the heart that is reſolved to go aſtray! I daily collected

lected a number of dogmatical aſſertions in ſupport of this horrid doctrine: till I really took for granted as the firſt principles of truth, the ideal exiſtence of virtue, and the neceſſity of the paſſions.—When my creed was determined by this deſtructive morality, I ſhook off my remorſe, and plunging in debauchery, ſunk into a ſtupor not unlike that occaſioned by opium in the fits of a delirium. I forgot that I had an infirm father, who had a claim to my aſſiſtance. Heaven grant that I may find in my old age thoſe attentions and conſolations which I neglected to beſtow on him! But if eternal juſtice reſerves for me the puniſhment of ungrateful children, I may well expect to be abandoned to the moſt forlorn miſery in my latter days. Nevertheleſs I loved him tenderly, though I am too ſenſible he did not know it; for I had neglected giving him proofs of my affection. Of how many pleaſures do we rob ourſelves by renouncing virtue! Amid my empty delights, I was not happy; I could not help recalling the firſt leſſons of childhood; comparing my preſent ſtate with that I had formerly enjoyed, I regretted my loſs; I felt that there is no certain and ſolid felicity but in the ſatisfaction of a ſelf-approving conſcience. This ſtruggle of the paſſions with reaſon threw me into a painful anxiety; it grew intolerable; and the arm of Heaven was ſtretched out to teach me my own inſignificance; repeated misfortunes awaked me from my long ſlumber; forlorn, and friendleſs, I was obliged to drag a miſerable life, at the mercy of every hazard, to crouch like a reptile to every being from whom I hoped for aſſiſtance. Alas! how rarely to be found! Man is to man the moſt deſperate enemy.

my. I am now thoroughly acquainted with all thoſe friends, and protectors; and am ſuperior to the deception of their vileneſs. A gloomy miſanthropy detached me from the world; I eſcaped to ſolitude, there to indulge the bitterneſs of my ſoul; my retreat did not ſeem to me ſufficiently obſcure; I reſolved to croſs the ocean, and ſeek in another climate for unpeopled deſerts where I might brood over my diſcontent without a witneſs. On my arrival at Nantes, I fell deſperately ſick; yet though a ſtranger in the town, I was nurſed with an hoſpitality worthy the firſt ages, and ſaw with admiration virtues which reconciled me to humanity. A merchant offered me his purſe; generouſly advanced the expences of my journey, and prevented my wants; though I ſtood before him with no title but that of an unfortunate man. On my recovery, I embarked for America, and reſolved to ſit down on one of the Antilles. Here I expected to find only deſerts and ſavages; but met with a mild, civiliſed, generous people, upright hearts, ſpotleſs manners, and a plentiful ſoil, improved by cultivation. I was raviſhed, at the ſight of this beautiful country, with an idea of thoſe charming meadows celebrated in paſtoral poetry. I felt new life in my veins; the violence of my paſſions ſubſided; the clouds of melancholy which had followed me from Europe, were diſſipated in this balmy, ſalubrious atmoſphere, and my eyes were delighted with the ſmiling landſcapes, an eternal ſpring and a renewed face of nature. I viſited ſeveral houſes, and was received with the ſame bounty at all. I envied the condition of thoſe happy huſbandmen who lived with ſimplicity in the

the arms of plenty. I had brought ſome books with me, and divided my time between reading and walking. I cultivated a ſpot of land which a generous Creole reſigned in my favour, and a little cottage, his preſent likewiſe, afforded me an aſylum. My days never paſſed with more tranquillity; free from ſolicitude for the morrow, I found an ample ſupply in the produce of my little dominions, for all my neceſſities. My benefactor never let me want for any thing; his preventive attention anticipated my wiſhes; a ſlave that he had given me alleviated my labours; and, but for the recollection of paſt ſcenes, I ſhould have been the happieſt of mankind. I could have ended my days in this ſolitude; and, weaned from the deceits of the world, aſpired to no greater felicity. Others viſit this country to make a fortune; I found in it peace, and a friend more dear than riches; I enjoyed the moſt beautiful proſpect that mortal can contemplate; nature is no where ſo majeſtic as in theſe climates, the throne of the ſun, embelliſhed with all his glory. There all the fables of the golden age and happy Theſſaly appear realities. I had always lived in a kind of apathy with reſpect to devotion, and had ſeldom looked up to the Supreme Being. I had contented myſelf with gleaning ſome fragments of modern ſcepticiſm, in conformity to which I conſidered the Deity as a paſſive being, indifferent to the affairs of this world, without benevolence, without malice; and the univerſe as an aſſemblage of vegetation, animated, eternal, exiſting by its own motion, and preſerving itſelf by an infinite ſucceſſion of alterations, revolutions, and reproductions. One day as I was croſſing the lofty

lofty mountains of the iſland, I ſtopped in an extaſy, at the inſtant the ſun aroſe, and threw over the face of nature a veil of ſuperficial light. A long chain of rocks that aſpired around me, received and repelled his rays through the aërial ſpace, which ſeemed furrowed with a thouſand ſparkling colours; immenſe foreſts, in the ſtyle of an amphitheatre, diſplayed a verdant drapery from the arch of heaven to the depths below; and rivers, ſtreaming in caſcades, loſt themſelves in the gloom of everlaſting ſhade; while the ſea at the extremity of the horizon, cloſed this magnificent ſcene. With ſurpriſe and raviſhment, I bowed myſelf to the ground, and adored, perhaps for the firſt time, with religious reſpect, the Sovereign Creator of theſe wonders; then invoking the woods, the rivers, the rocks and the ſeas, I ſaid, if ye have made yourſelves, give yourſelves animation and utterance! O my friend, what an idea of their Author muſt we form from this profuſion of riches! How can it be ſuppoſed that the elements ſhould have ever combined of themſelves to produce the aſtoniſhing order, the concurrence and harmony diſcoverable in the arrangement of the univerſe? Mad Speculatiſts! who ſhould dare to attribute to the caprices of chance, to the combinations of inanimate matter, the moſt inconſiderable pieces of human workmanſhip; but infinitely more preſumptuous to explain the phenomena of creation by thoſe abſurd agents! I returned home a convert to my own inferences, from the proſpects I had juſt beheld; and from that time applied myſelf to a ſtudious conſideration of thoſe ſublime objects, which I had only viewed ſuperficially amid the tumult and diſſipation of the

the world. I then perceived the juſtneſs of Lord Bacon's remark, that a little philoſophy makes men Atheiſts; but that a thorough acquaintance with it brings them back to religion. Thus convinced that no effect can exiſt without a cauſe, and aſcending from ſource to ſource, even to the Supreme Author of all, I diſcovered the Divinity the object of my enquiry. I ſaid to myſelf, unbelievers, in ſuppoſing the eternity of matter, ſubſtitute for the Principle whom I adore without being able to comprehend him, another principle leſs inteligible; they diſtreſs my heart without ſatisfying my reaſon; they give a perplexed, diſmal theory, to ſap the foundations of a belief which forms my happineſs; they call by the uncertain names of nature, chance and neceſſity, that ſovereign cauſe, whom I ſtyle God. At leaſt they are obliged to own a Firſt Cauſe; and perhaps after all they only diſpute about words. Yes, my lovely friend, I am perſuaded that there is not in reality an Atheiſt; and that he who dares to aſſert that there is no God, contradicts the teſtimony of his own conſcience.

I had enjoyed ſometime in my retreat the pleaſures of meditation, when my mind was diſtracted by new troubles. My benefactor had been left a widower with a daughter of thirteen, whom he brought up under his own eye, and who was the pride and comfort of his age. Melinda promiſed to be handſome, and had already diſcovered many blooming graces; her heart poſſeſſed all the amiable ſimplicity of nature; before the words parted from her lips, you anticipated the ſentiments they would utter. The lovely girl was attached to me, and often paid a viſit to my cottage, attend-

ed by a ſlave who had been her nurſe. We walked by the ſea-ſide, under the palm-trees that adorned its ſhore. Sometimes I converſed on the beauties of nature; ſometimes endeavoured to impreſs her tender mind with the principles of morality, and had the ſatisfaction to diſcover the gradual unfolding of her reaſoning faculties.—Sometimes we read books of inſtruction; I gave her leſſons in drawing, and felt a ſecret pleaſure in thus paying the generous father a tribute of gratitude. I was not aware of my ſituation, and received unalarmed the innocent careſſes of my pupil; ſhe would tenderly preſs me in her little arms; was fond of meeting me with a ſmile; ſeldom left me, and always with diſſatisfaction. One day in playing with her, I drew her to my boſom, when a violent palpitation ſeized me; this, like a flaſh of lightning, ſerved to open my eyes; I reſolved to be on my guard in future, and to avoid ſuch dangerous paſtimes; but the habit of ſeeing each other rendered it difficult to keep my intention; I ſoon reſumed the freedoms of a life which had a thouſand charms for me. Melinda grew and improved every day; her underſtanding ripened; to the natural graces of childhood ſucceeded the decent and timid addreſs of a more reſerved age; her eyes ſeemed to ſeek the ground in my preſence; ſometimes I ſurpriſed her ſoft modeſt glances, ſtolen at me, and never met them without emotion. Once as ſhe was drawing, I dared to preſs her hand with my lips; ſhe looked ſtedfaſtly at me, and bluſhed; a rebellious flame darted through my veins; the moſt guilty ideas ruſhed to my mind; I felt my danger, and ſtarting up, flew to my cottage. There, beating my boſom,

boſom, and pouring a torrent of tears, I cried, unnatural man, let this innocence too be thy victim; deſtroy alſo this benefactor; and thus end the catalogue of thy crimes. No, I continued ſobbing, no, I am unworthy of the light, and the ſociety of mankind! I ſhut myſelf up the reſt of the day, weeping and refuſing nouriſhment. My friend came to ſee me without the leaſt ſuſpicion of my diſorder; I threw myſelf at his feet; confeſſed the horrid delirium; when he cheerfully raiſed me, folded me in his arms, and ſaid, forbear to afflict yourſelf, and reſume the confidence of a noble mind. No man is ſuperior to temptation; but to triumph over it, is reſerved for virtue, and yours has ſuſtained the trial with dignity. Beſides, continued he with a ſmile, it is for yourſelf that you are to guard the treaſure I have intruſted to your care. No friend is dearer to me than you, and I propoſe to join you to our family by a cloſer connection. This was my original deſign, and the knowledge of your character confirms me in it every day. I fell again at his feet, and murmured ſome words of acknowledgment. He then led me to his daughter, and charged her to treat me in future as her intended huſband. An amiable bluſh ſuffuſed the features of Melinda, and it appeared that I was not indifferent to her. Our days glided ſerenely in expectation of the nuptial happineſs, when all my hopes were baffled by death. A malignant fever carried off Melinda; and I had the additional concern to loſe at the ſame time her venerable father. I paid them the laſt duties with a heavineſs of heart, which I had never experienced. My ideas of future felicity vaniſhed; I loſt

at once a wife, a benefactor, a friend, the charm and comfort of my life; every bleſſing left me; I was alone, on a foreign ſhore, a neighbour of the grave that held the aſhes of thoſe I loved. I continued reluctantly in the iſland which had ſeemed ſo beautiful to me; I could not endure my deſert; every ſtep in it recalled paſt pleaſures and recent loſſes; every object racked me with painful recollection; my heart was once more a prey to the horrors of melancholy; my old remorſe, though long ſoothed to ſilence by the friendly voice of agreeable ſociety, awaked with redoubled violence; every day I viſited the tomb of my friends, and on returning home was ſhocked at my ſolitude. I choſe therefore to abandon America, ſold the poſſeſſions my benefactor had left me, and bidding an everlaſting adieu to my once delightful hermitage, embarked for Europe. It was my deſign to renounce the world for ever, and ſpend the remainder of my days in retirement; but fate gave me a ſight of you, and that has changed my reſolution. Heaven grant that my Tereſa may not ſhare in the adverſity, which has hitherto proved my inſeparable companion!

## LETTER XLVIII.

### TERESA TO FALDONI.

I AM at a loſs to gueſs your meaning, in writing to me ſo diſmal a letter. To what purpoſe retrace your former errors, and diſtreſs your friend with their gloomy picture? Did you wiſh to leſſen the eſteem I had entertained for you? Far from that, you have only confirmed it. I admire your ingenuouſneſs, and diſcover amid your faults that character from which you have never departed. I pity poor Louiſa for having loved; but much more ſo for not meeting with the return ſhe ſo well deſerved. It was ſhocking in you to be the author of her wretchedneſs; yet your remorſe has ſufficiently atoned for your imprudence. Let us therefore drop the ſubject, my friend; time has left at a diſtance the errors of your youth, and you muſt have profited by the experience of your own weakneſs. I ſhould have no great value for a man who had never deviated from the path of rectitude. Call to mind what I told you a few days ſince, when you were reading to me and my couſin the romance of Grandiſon; that hero always appeared unintereſting to me, becauſe he is too perfect; a being ſo ſuperior to mankind can be beloved by none but angels; he puts me continually to the bluſh by the exceſs of his merit, and my ſelf love could never be gratified with him! Not that I can excuſe your conduct, and juſtify your attacks on innocence. But

you have confeſſed the horrid criminality of thoſe attempts, and by that ſcreened yourſelf from my reproaches. You own that the remembrance of that amiable girl has attended you for your puniſhment thro' life. Ah! Faldoni, how can the ſeducer overlook for a moment the anguiſh which certainly awaits him? In reality, I pity your men of faſhion who take ſuch pains to inſure repentance. How wretched is the lot of women! It ſeems as if political inſtitutions were calculated to deſtroy, in this delicate part of the human ſpecies, the bud of every noble and great ſentiment, to render them the jeſt and toys of the men, and the prey of the firſt ſeducer that can gain their confidence. Yet they poſſeſs a refined taſte, and exquiſite ſenſibility; I will add, that they excel your ſex when their ſouls are elevated by virtue; love, with them ſo ſpirited and tender, has an energy rarely ſeen with you in the ſame paſſion; it is certain, you are not capable of loving as we do; you think of ſnatching a fugitive pleaſure, and the emotion expires. But we, alas! ſlaves to the object of our inclination, neither ſee, nor hear any thing but him; honour, fortune, felicity, grandeur, are all indifferent to us, but for his ſake. Proud even of our weakneſs, when our glory is loſt, we enjoy the ſacrifice we have made, in reflecting on its object. Is it not by him that we live, think, are ſad or gay, happy, or miſerable? Does any intereſt operate more forcibly with us than his? Match if you can in your ſex, thoſe agonies of a betrayed heart, thoſe tortures which conſume a fond female, and gradually conduct her to the tomb! Men find relief in buſineſs; a thouſand objects detach you from a favourite

vourite one; but in the ſolitude to which the tyranny of education confines us, we converſe ever with our own thoughts; are ever in the company of the adored image; are ever haunted by the memory of ſcenes that nouriſh our flame. We have to ſtruggle with your allurements and our own deſires, which ſpeak ſtill more in your favour, the delicacy of our frame, the ſuſceptibility of our hearts, and the credulity of our underſtandings. Againſt ſuch frail creatures you come armed with all the advantages of nature and art. Why does not man, the author of laws, render his companion worthy of his homage, by giving her that degree of perfection of which ſhe is capable? Does he apprehend the decline of his empire, ſhould be unfold the talents and virtues of the inferior ſex; and has he not rather eſtabliſhed a mode of education moſt ſuitable to his principles of corruption? It muſt be ſo; or would he leave them ſo defenceleſs, while he prides himſelf in ſo many endowments? Otherwiſe would he direct their firſt views to trifling and luxury, inſtead of forming their hearts, and enlightening their underſtandings? If they have little ſolidity or coherency of ideas, ought he not early to provide againſt this defect by all the benefits of a wiſe inſtitution? He ſhould arm them againſt the danger of ſeduction; he ſhould ſecure for them years of happineſs; a woman of any age would then be the delight of ſociety; love founded on eſteem would no longer be the amuſement of a vacant hour; a powerful and noble emulation would ariſe between the ſexes, and muſt promote their mutual benefit.

Still the name of Louiſa will tremble from my pen. What muſt ſhe have ſuffered! To love without a return, after having ſacrificed every thing to the beloved object! Gracious God!—I do not lament her death, but her ſufferings; the reflection that all her kindneſs had only made you ungrateful, muſt have killed her. But what is death, compared with thoſe emotions of deſpair, thoſe convulſions of rage which make us curſe our being? I cannot reperuſe your letter, without weeping. How fooliſh it is in us to indulge a paſſion ſo rarely fortunate, and almoſt ever attended with unceaſing repentance!—Forgive this ſerioufneſs; I do not mean thus to conclude. It was my intention to have diverted you, but in ſpite of myſelf theſe reflections have intruded. You may blame your own ugly letter, which has given me the ſpleen. Indeed you have made me paſs a moſt uneaſy night, intereſted in all your adventures, following you every where, and accuſing you for the death.—But no more. I am angry with you; and might be tempted to hate you in earneſt.

I may attribute to that unfortunate reading the preſent ſituation of my mind; I am to-day very gloomy; every thing is to me an occaſion of diſtreſs and diſpleaſure. I would give all I am worth that this week were over; ſuch dreary ideas haunt my imagination; I converſe with ſpectres, and ſee nothing but tombs. Fly hither, my friend, to comfort me. Diſperſe the illuſions of a too ſuſceptible heart; I can only be happy in your company.

I ſhall expect you to-morrow. Come early, to avoid the heat, and prolong our entertainment.

Bring

Bring your ballads with you; we will ſing your favourite one, that which gave you an opportunity of avowing your flame, and which has ſince made me ſhed ſo many tears. In the morning we will viſit Saulaye-wood, which my couſin has not yet ſeen. Your arm ſhall conduct us; we will breakfaſt on new laid eggs * at the farm you are no ſtranger to; our mothers will take us up in their carriage, and we ſhall return home together. Heaven forbid that any thing ſhould prevent our promiſed pleaſure; yet my ſoul has long been armed for diſappointment.

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## LETTER IL.

### FALDONI TO THE CURATE.

AH! Sir, what dreadful news have I to tell you. Madam de St. Cyran lies on her death-bed. She was yeſterday attacked with a fever, which prevented her from engaging in a party of pleaſure. We kept her company at home; in the evening ſhe complained of a troubleſome cough and an inflammation in the bowels; ſhe was next ſeized with a chilline ſs and ſhivering, with all the ſymptoms of a pleuriſy. She had a terrible night; her life was deſpaired of; ſhe was hourly in danger of ſuffocation. All was hurry and confuſion;

* The French do not drink tea for breakfaſt.

the ſervants were diſpatched on the road; the doctors came; half the village met in the caſtle-yard; fear and deſpair appeared in every countenance. Tereſa, fixed on her knees by the bed-ſide of her mother, gave herſelf up to tears.—Madam d'Armian and her daughter, amid the attendants, iſſued orders, watched every motion of the patient, and ſeemed to be preſent in twenty places at a time. During this agitation, a mournful ſilence prevailed in the houſe, nothing was heard but ſobs ſtruggling for a paſſage. Young Miſs de St. Cyran was fetched from the convent, to receive her mother's bleſſing; and the dear little girl affected us all to tears. Such ſenſibility in one ſo young! But it is no more than ſuits the ſiſter of Tereſa! Could you ſee them both by the ſide of their dying mother, it would pierce your heart. Letters have been ſent to Monſieur de St. Cyran and his ſon; the latter, not being far off, has the melancholy information, and muſt ſoon be here. Come, Sir, fly to receive the parting breath of a mother who calls on your name every moment; but, alas! I fear that you will arrive too late.

LETTER

## LETTER L.

### TERESA TO THE CURATE.

IT is all over! Darkneſs ſurrounds me; my attachment to earth is diſſolved! My mother, my friend, my tutelar angel, is no more! And do I ſtill breathe? Why did I not deſcend with her to the tomb? Wretch! I have loſt every thing, yet continue in exiſtence! A diſmal future opens before me; I am cruſhed by the weight of my grief; I die every moment. I reſolved to write to you; but my tears blind, my ſighs choke me, I am unable to trace two lines with my pen———My God! whoſe power ſnatched her from me, why didſt thou ſeparate us? Why did we not expire together? I behold her ſtill, collecting her ſtrength to encourage me to live, ſtruggling with Heaven in prayers to make me happy. Beſt of mothers! is it poſſible that I ſhould be happy, when thou art no more? Can thy daughter poſſeſs a moment's enjoyment without thee? No, I cannot entertain ſo baſe a wiſh as earthly felicity; the remainder of my life muſt be ſpent in tears; and I foreſee that its duration will not be long. Ah! when will the day come in which I ſhall reunite myſelf with thy venerable aſhes, depoſite my heart next to thine, and find in thy boſom that peace which the world denies me? Thy virtue was my aſylum; I was leſs diffident of my own ſtrength, when I had enjoyed thy converſation; perſuaſion flowed in honeyed

honeyed accents from thy lips; I confided my diſtreſſes to thee, and received the balm of conſolation. O mother adored! and worthy to be ſo, whatever pleaſure I have known, has flowed from thy bounty. How often didſt thou enliven my deſponding ſoul with the dawning hope of happineſs! Thy preſence reſtored me to joy; a glance from thee reminded me of my duty. My imagination ſtill traces the pleaſing images of my childhood, and the delightful days which I have paſſed in thy company. What a careful attention to form my manners! What a charm pervaded all thy leſſons! With what authority was every ſyllable from thee impreſſed on my heart! Alas! I was too bleſt; ſuch a proportion of happineſs does not belong to this ſublunary ſphere. I am impatient to burſt theſe narrow limits, and pant for diſſolution. Ah! who now remains to comfort me? You know, Sir, you know, whether ſhe loved me! You were the confident of her mind; you have ſeen how ſhe flew to anticipate my deſires; how a tear from me alarmed her maternal ſenſibility, how ſhe watched over me with every glance of her affectionate eyes! What tears flowed at our ſeparation! What joy ſparkled, when we met again! What tender anxiety ſhe expreſſed at my leaſt uneaſineſs! She ſeemed to enjoy nothing in her daughter's abſence. Alas! I did not love her half enough; I was engroſſed by my fooliſh paſſion; and now weep over her cold duſt that ſlumbers inſenſible of my ſorrow. To her I addreſs my lamentations; I call on her, I ſeek for her, but behold her no more! The bed, the room, the furniture, the places where I uſed to ſee her; the clothes which inveſted her, all aggravate my

my loſs, and plunge me in deſpair. I can find her no where, yet every ſpot recalls her to my mind. My ſole relief is to pour my griefs in the boſom of my couſin; a conſolation of which I ſhall ſoon be deprived. She and her mother defer their departure only till the return of my father, who is to be here in a few days.—— Your friend has diſappeared. I deſired him to forbear his viſits, and, acknowledging the neceſſity, he ſubmits to it. What hope remains of our future union? It muſt no more be thought of.— Woe to me! that I ever indulged the illuſion.— How could I truſt to the flattering promiſes of felicity? Felicity! a very name, or no where to be found, but in the tomb! O moſt affectionate and generous mother, exalted now far above our empty joys and poignant ſufferings, if thou deigneſt to ſurvey human ſcenes, if thou reſerveſt in thy boſom a ſpark of that fondneſs which in life glowed ſo fervently for thy daughter, watch over her from thy celeſtial reſidence! Still be her guide and her ſupport! Never ſuffer her to ſtray from the ſublime laws of honour and virtue enforced by thy example! Drawing after thee this wretched being, which will languiſh on earth, till in thy arms it repoſes from its troubles? Thus, Sir, I exclaim over her ſepulchre, where I paſs whole days, bathed in tears, deſpairing to ſee her more, yet unable to forſake the cold, inſenſible marble that forms a barrier between us.

LETTER

## LETTER LI.

### THE CURATE TO TERESA.

WHAT dreadful news you communicate to me! So ſudden and unexpected a death! Yet it is an alleviation, that this excellent mother had been long prepared by pious reſignation for her laſt hour; ſhe did not delay till the approach of that awful period the diſpoſal of her ſoul to appear before its Maker; ſhe has drawn near his throne with the acceptable offering of a life ſpotleſs and lovely with every virtue. She at length enjoys undiſturbed, heavenly repoſe, while we are toſt by the ſtorms of earthly inſtability. I ſhudder at anticipating the imbittered moments of my declining age! What painful reflections will be added to the infirmities which inevitably await me! Ill at eaſe as I was when I received your letter, it has increaſed the violence of my diſorder; and I am now confined to my bed with the accumulated load of my own and your diſtreſs. Gracious God! what are we, fated to drag a miſerable exiſtence through a hoſt of increaſing difficulties, and all our efforts to ſupport life end, alas! in death. I would ere now have been with you, were my ſtrength equal to undertake the journey; for it grieves me beyond deſcription to be abſent from you in this hour of extreme affliction. In the name of Providence! do not yield to deſpair. Lift up your heart, my dear daughter, to that Being who wounds and who can heal! Shall we, vile atoms, children of the

the duſt, dare utter a complaint under the chaſtiſements of his wiſe diſpenſation? Who among us is ſo perfect as not to have incurred the divine diſpleaſure? Let us humble ourſelves under his rod, and be grateful that he does not refer our puniſhment to another world, but is ſatisfied with our taſting of the bitter potion prepared by his juſtice for guilty creatures in this tranſitory ſyſtem. Man has no title to felicity, while he crawls through this vale of tears. To ſuffer, to decay, to die, is his lot. It might have been leſs ſevere; the Sovereign Diſpoſer of all things, who was pleaſed to vivify with his breath theſe inſignificant particles of matter, who condeſcended to call them, from the inert ſtate in which they lay, to receive the impreſſions of motion, might (had he choſen it) in the narrow ſpace of their duration have ſcattered ſome flowers over the path that leads to the dark realms of the grave: but is it not probable that this point of time called life is only a period of probation, and that our earthly pilgrimage terminates in everlaſting happineſs? We are encouraged by a belief of the divine clemency to hope for a better world, and days of unclouded funſhine. For me, when ſhall I be delivered from the fetters which confine me? When ſhall I approach the throne of the God whom I adore with this addreſs? I have endured the toils which were impoſed by thee for my taſk; the earth which I have left behind has often been moiſtened with the dews of my brow, and the fountains of my eyes; I have ſuſtained the conflict allotted to virtue, and appear before thee for my reward; with the weakneſſes inſeparable from humanity, I humbly

make

make thee an offering of ſome good works as an atonement. I was a man, conſequently ſubject to error, and expoſed to the influence of the paſſions, but I have done the good within my power, and throw myſelf on thy mercy.——Dear Tereſa, dry your ſtreaming eyes, your lamented mother intercedes for you with the Almighty; her views are ſtill directed to the welfare of her child; ſhe cannot with indifference ſee you a prey to affliction; even now ſhe is zealous to obtain from the Immortal Source of all virtue the aſſiſtance you ſo much need. Why ſigh, why weep, my daughter? Can our lamentations extend the period of life aſſigned to the creature of a day? What is this world but a paſſage where innumerable travellers ſucceed each other with an alarming rapidity? It is but an accumulation of wrecks which began with the birth of ages, with the tyranny of time's infant career. Every connection muſt be broken, every friendſhip forgotten, every affection abandoned, while we are ſwallowed up in that unknown abyſs from which nothing emerges! Yet your mother has not left you for ever; you ſhall behold her again another day; ſhe is but gone before you; ſhe waits for your arrival; yet a little while, and you ſhall meet together never more to ſeparate. Have you not learned the philoſophy of enduring a ſhort abſence? At that ſolemn hour which ſhall reſtore you to her embraces, think what tranſports will attend your reunion! Yes, I am confident the time approaches when we ſhall appear in the ſame place, and ſalute each other with the congratulations of a holy friendſhip. Happy abode! where intereſt, ambition, hatred, and the meaner

paſſions

paſſions connected with humanity, dare not enter; where every ſentiment, refined from earthly impurity, ſhall ſhine in all the radiance of virtue; where nothing but what is noble and divine ſhall have admiſſion to our boſoms.——Alas! while I endeavour to impart conſolation, my eyes ſwell with riſing tears, and the image of that heavenly woman deſtroys the harmony of my ſoul. O irreparable loſs of ſuch a friend! for whom I weep, and ever ſhall while a ſojourner here. Long it cannot be, bleſt ſhade! ere I ſhall follow in thy path. My frame already feels the approach of its decay; I am oppreſſed with the load of years; grief imbitters the days of my declining age; the world is inveloped in the ſable horrors of night; mirth is a ſtranger to me; hope abandons me; and I wiſh for nothing but an aſylum in the tomb.

## LETTER LII.

### FALDONI TO TERESA.

WILL my Tereſa conſume in everlaſting ſighs? Should not ſorrow admit of bounds when evils are without remedy? Ah! cruel friend, I remember the time that I had ſome right to the diſpoſal of your days; you promiſed me to exiſt only for me; you cheriſhed life for my ſake alone. I am too ſenſible that time is no more; but cannot friendſhip, ſetting love out of the queſtion,

queſtion, reconcile you to a continuance in the world? I am told that you are drowned in tears; that grief ſwallows up every other ſentiment in your boſom; that you have even formed a deſign of following my patroneſs to the tomb! Ah! Tereſa, may we not then join our lamentations for her loſs? Do you refuſe me for a partner in your grief? Or, determined to die, do you eſteem me unworthy to accompany you? If your heart is not ſhut to the tender petitions of love, I conjure you to hear me! As our misfortunes are in common, we ſhould aſſiſt each other to bear them. Let us be animated to this duty by the image of that virtuous mother ever in our view. Reverence her laſt will, which you know was that we ſhould be united. Why is that adorable woman not ſtill living, ſhe who only breathed to do good? I ſhould have nothing then to apprehend from futurity; the days of my well-being would continue to flow under her direction. Happy days! which I knew not ſufficiently to value. Moments of equal delight and rapidity, ye will return no more! The voice of your father muſt ſoon be obeyed; you will have to ſtruggle with an authority which it is almoſt impious to reſiſt; your generous ſenſibility will be awakened; his prayers, his tears, his urgent entreaties, will ſubdue you; and I, from the golden pinnacle of hope, ſhall be plunged in the gloomy abyſs of deſpair. Heavens! muſt I forego my title to your heart? You, whom I love with all the powers of my ſoul, and ſhall continue to love while I breathe, will you deprive me of that treaſure which I fondly call my own? Every thing tends to increaſe my fears; you have already

already forbidden me to ſee you again; and I write to you with a trembling hand. Our friends are ſcattered; one is gone to the abodes of the juſt; another is on the point of following; the venerable paſtor groans under a load of infirmities; his heavenly mind pines with the languor of his body; perhaps we ſhall loſe him too.—Alas! he is too good for this world. The wicked, the perſecutors live in it, they ſeem immortal. In vain do the injured hope for a reſpite in their death; they ſtrike deep root in the earth; their marble hearts are not affected with the woes of others to whom they are ſtrangers; nor even by the evils that happen in their own families; they are impaſſive. Years roll on years over their heads, and at the end of a century the ſun, that ſees ſuch innumerable changes, beholds them the ſame. But the ſon of ſenſibility is a ſlave to the elements, to the climates, to the ſeaſons, to the whole circle of nature. Every thing affects and diſturbs him; the tears of the ſtranger call forth fountains from his eyes; he is the penſive aſſociate of every mourner; his frame, too delicately formed early wears away with ſympathetic tenderneſs; and he drops in the midſt of his career. I have loſt myſelf in loſing the ſight of you; I traverſe the rocks and the woods; examine every place where I have formerly beheld you; and retrace thoſe charming walks through which we daily loitered; but all is a vaſt deſert.—Declining autumn tinges my ſoul with deeper melancholy; the leaves that fall on every ſide, the withered herbage of the plain, thoſe images of mourning and deſolation thrill me with horror; and I ſigh to find myſelf a lonely ſurvivor amid the ravages of time. The deſtructive power that

rears

rears his triumphant ſceptre over the world, reminds me of the awful moment when you and I ſhall be no more. Yeſterday as the ſetting ſun ſhed his mild luſtre over the meadows, I ſurveyed that lovely valley and the margin of the river, whither I have ſo often accompanied you; but you not being there, to ſtay a quarter of an hour appeared intolerably tedious. On entering the orchard, I recollected the having gathered fruit there with you; I looked up at the tree from whence I ſhook a ſhower of walnuts at your feet; nor can you divine the ſad ſenſation that poſſeſſed me. Indeed I can no longer endure thoſe ſcenes which are not bleſſed with your preſence. Permit me to ſee you! Are your relations tygers, that their habitation is inacceſſible? Dear Tereſa, how dreadful is your abſence! For twenty days life has been a torture to me. Adieu repoſe!—If ſleep ſeizes me a moment, I awake to agony; having no hopes to ſee you the reſt of the day.—The dread that I ſhall never view you again renders death deſirable; I call him to my aſſiſtance, but call in vain. Yet how is my anguiſh increaſed when I fancy what you muſt ſuffer! I ſometimes ſay, had ſhe not loved me, ſhe had been happy; one more favoured by fortune had won her hand. But, Tereſa, could he have loved thee as I? My angelic friend, do not think it; yet ſtill more do not reproach yourſelf with my ſufferings.—They form my felicity; I enjoy my tears; the memory of you is my conſolation; the hope of not being indifferent to you communicates, amid my torments, an extatic charm. What can fate, with all its malice, while I poſſeſs the eſteem of my beauteous friend?

LETTER

## LETTER LIII.

### TERESA TO FALDONI.

YOU have then been informed of my condition! I wiſh to conceal it from you, and with that view principally was ſolicitous for your removal. It was my deſire to bleed in the ſequeſtered ſhade, the lonely victim of deſpair. That alarming future which offers nothing but deprivations, abſences, perſecutions, ſacrifices; that period which I tremble to think of, plunges my ſoul in the depth of anguiſh. It is too certain that the days of happineſs are no more; they have deſcended with that tender mother to the tomb.—Adieu! enlivening hope, love, union of hearts! Adieu to all! We have only to weep for paſt pleaſures, and evils yet to come. Had we but the privilege of a free correſpondence, could I convey my letters to you every day, were it in my power to ſend you tokens of my remembrance and affection, I might in ſome degree bear with this ſeparation. But to depend on chance for an opportunity of converſing together, not even to dare pronounce your name, is a torture I can never endure. Dear and only object of my tendereſt affections! is our felicity really vaniſhed?—Will our golden days return no more? Nothing then is left for us but to regret the pleaſures we have ſuffered to eſcape. Hard condition! What muſt you endure! I feel your diſtreſſes, and theſe alone; my own are of no account. Yes; let the vengeance of fate be wreaked on my head; ſo

you

you are happy! This is the prayer of your miſtreſs. Dear Faldoni, will you never forget me? Will your affection for me always continue? The aſſurance of your love would comfort me in the midſt of my ſevereſt ſufferings. I am obliged to appear calm and compoſe; but how remote is ſerenity from my heart! I dare to weep only in private, in the boſom of my couſin; ſhe fondly hopes to dry my tears, to cut off their ſource; I leave the dear girl to her amiable miſtake, ſince it gives her generous heart ſatisfaction; but I feel myſelf that the ſtreams of grief will flow till I recover my happineſs. How zealous ſhe is to ſerve me! With what patience does ſhe hear my complaints! Next to yours, nothing but her friendſhip can render my life ſupportable.—Heavens! What a change! This is the hour at which you uſed to viſit me; but ſhe returns without you! I wiſh, look for you; my heart calls a thouſand times on your name. My friend, my beſt beloved, ah! come! I can no longer ſuſtain the trial of your abſence. Come! let me but ſee you, and I ſhall be content. For two hours yeſterday I continued leaning out of a window which overlooks the plain, without a ſight of the deſired object. All the world paſſed by, excepting you. What can have become of you! I waited in vain expectation; my tears guſhed in ſwifter rills, and I at laſt threw myſelf on the bed, in deeper agonies of deſpair.

I have this moment left that alluring window, with juſt ſtrength to ſit down. O my friend, I have ſeen you, and fled from the ſight. My knees failed me, life itſelf. I die every inſtant; yet hoped to have been more ſerene, but my grief increaſes.

increaſes. Such extreme deſpair has ſeized me, I know not where it will end—But deareſt friend, I will live to love you; only recollect your own vows, and I will be true to mine; not all the powers of nature combined ſhall ſhake my conſtancy. I feel a ſpirit within me able to ſurmount every obſtacle. Thy heart beats in mine; this is my ſtrength, moſt adored of thy ſex; truſt to it, we ſhall ſtill be happy. I was in deſpair of ever ſeeing you again; but now feel wonderful compoſure. The winter will ſoon bring us nearer; we ſhall have a thouſand opportunities of being together; we ſhall be able to meet every where; and we may multiply occaſions by our prudence. Let us drop writing writing letters, unleſs we can diſcover a ſafer method of conveyance. It would diſtreſs me beyond expreſſion ſhould our correſpondence be diſcovered. I think it dangerous too for you to continue longer at my nurſe's houſe; my brother in his hunting parties may paſs that way; our ſervants may make the diſcovery; you are inexcuſable for chooſing ſuch a place of reſidence in the neighbourhood; it may become ſuſpected, and do us both a prejudice.

The Chevalier has juſt arrived with my father; the former folded me in his arms with ſuch friendſhip, that I was obliged to turn my face aſide, that he might not notice how much I was affected. Why ſhould an action which would once have been ſo welcome, now give me concern? Why theſe tears? But why likewiſe this particular diſtinction? Alas! I wiſh they would leave me in peace. I aſk nothing of them; I would receive nothing from them. May they forget me! I am prepared for perſecutions. A rigorous watch

is

is ſet over me; my walks in the park are forbidden; or if I go there, it is in the company of my aunt or couſin. It is known that you often came to the caſtle this ſummer; make a viſit of decency, and appear there no more. Come to-morrow evening, I will wait for you.—Yes, to be ſure I will continue yours. Ingrate! dare you expreſs your doubts to me of my affection? What power ſhall make me change? Dear Faldoni, can one who loves you ever ceaſe to do ſo? Heaven and earth have joined to ſtrengthen our union; that generous mother, who called you her ſon, has fixed my deſtiny, which is to love you while life endures. Moſt indulgent of mothers! the ſtorms that ſurround us were foreſeen by you; but your goodneſs undertook to diſſipate them. You promiſed with an endearing fondneſs to bend the ſeeming inflexibility of my father. What might not be expected from the perſuaſion of your accents, your prevailing tears, your engaging careſſes! He whom your heart adopted, my lover, my huſband, was worthy of your choice; in his behalf I now pray to you; we will vow on your tomb, to obey your will, and to preſerve inviolate the union which you ſanctioned.—— Are you aware, my friend, how my fortitude is ſtrengthened by theſe remembrances? I have ever before my eyes that charming moment when the venerable paſtor joined our hands in the face of Heaven, and called it to witneſs our engagement. Can oaths bind us more cloſely, when the law ſets its ſeal to our union? Go, too ſuſpicious lover, I am thine; my hand and my heart belong to thee. Let avarice and pride inveigh againſt us; I am ready to ſuffer every thing, even death, rather than forfeit my fidelity. You have here

my

my oath for this; I give, or rather repeat it, in the preſence of God! and you may depend that it ſhall not be broken.

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## LETTER LV.

### FALDONI TO TERESA.

DEAR Tereſa, I fly with ardour to your invitation. I ſhall then behold you once more, and read in your eyes the teſtimony of my happineſs! May I be equal to the meeting! Your preſence is neceſſary to me, I thirſt for it with a fever which nothing elſe can allay. How can half of us exiſt without the other? How can we breathe at once in two different places, while our ſouls are every moment panting for an union? Juſtina told me yeſterday, that during my abſence, your brother called on her, and that on ſeeing ſome trifles that belonged to me, he aſked, if ſhe lodged foreigners; that on this ſhe told him my name, and that he inquired how long I had been in the houſe, and what brought me to a place ſo remote from ſociety? She replied, that I came to enjoy the fine weather, and that I appeared very fond of ſolitude. Having aſked theſe queſtions, he got again on horſeback without adding a word.—I muſt have met him, as I returned from my walk, with a book in my hand; he ſaluted me without ſtopping, and I ſaw him take the road to

the caſtle. I did not apprehend, charming Tereſa, that two leagues from your habitation, the tyranny of your relations would diſcover my humble aſylum. The diſtance was ſufficient to ſave from all reproach; and it is your exceſſive ſenſibility that makes you find it too near. As to the interrogatories of the Chevalier, I own they appear particular; but am not much concerned for them; for I conſider his curioſity as accidental, and believe him too noble to have planned any ſuch inveſtigation. Every clandeſtine action, however, has ſomething humiliating to ſelf-love; and for my part the ſhadow of lurking any where would drive me to the world's end. I love to act and think openly; and you ſhould ſee me, declare to your whole family, in the face of the world, the generous paſſion with which you have inſpired me; but for the dread of injuring you, or diſturbing your tranquillity.—But my horſe is ſaddled; it ſtrikes two; I am impatient to ſtart; adieu, lovely friend, I add no more, that I may fly to ſee you.

LETTER

## LETTER LVI.

### TERESA TO FALDONI.

HAVE I then ſeen you again? You whom I apprehended my eyes would never more behold? Yes, it was you; it is your voice that I have heard, my dear Faldoni. What did I not dare to feaſt on your looks? Becauſe we were noticed; I peruſed my father's countenance; he was not engaged in play; but attentive to us cloſe by our ſide. Alas! I told you nothing, nothing that ſpoke my affection; and yet I love you! Surely you cannot doubt it. What an intereſt I took in your diſcourſe! Every word you uttered thrilled me to the ſoul. Did you penetrate the emotions of my heart? Did you ſee the conſtraint I laboured under for want of freedom of expreſſion? Did you perceive that my abſence of mind was the effect of prudence? It was neceſſary for our ſecurity to diſſemble; it was abſolutely requiſite for me to view you with indifference.—Diſtreſſing ſituation! Ever ready to diſſolve in tears, with you ſo near to ſympathiſe with me, I found it difficult to reſtrain them. How ſoon you left us, for the laſt time of ſeeing me! Why did you not extend your viſit a moment longer? It was ſo eaſy for you to have ſtaid. But tell me, were you inclined to do ſo? To be ſure you only ſubmitted to the neceſſity of our ſeparation.—Your departure plunged me into a ſtate of ſtupidity; I recalled immediately with agony thoſe

happy hours which we once ſpent in the guiltleſs freedom of mutual confidence. How then did I triumph! How proud was I of my love, when you aſſured me that it had reſtored you to life, and extaſy; and now you are ſunk into new diſtreſſes! I have given you a glimpſe of happineſs, only to make you more ſenſible of its loſs. Yet do not abandon yourſelf to deſpair; you muſt give me your promiſe that you will not, or I ſhall doubt my influence over your boſom. Let your imagination paint the violence of my affection, and the anguiſh I ſhould ſuffer from knowing that you were in the leaſt uneaſy. Behold, my dear Faldoni, your friend, your miſtreſs at your feet, conjuring you to have every tender regard for your life! Anticipate the future, by a review of paſt bliſsful ſcenes, which may be renewed; for Heaven may condeſcend to work miracles in favour of a paſſion innocent as ours. Nothing has tranſpired to me from our family as yet, relative to the late diſcovery of my brother; I ſhould infer, that he has not mentioned at home his viſit to my nurſe; or that it is purpoſely concealed from me. I am frozen with the coldneſs of my father's looks; I dread that the ſeeming calm which reigns at preſent may be only the harbinger of a violent ſtorm; but come what will, I am prepared. Yeſterday, after you had left us, Madam d'Armian and Conſtantia went home. I remained behind with Mr. de St. Cyran; to employ myſelf I took up my tambour, and applied to the needle. My father walked about ſilently, giving me from time to time looks that would have ſhocked you. I was afraid to raiſe my eyes, his glances were ſo tremendous. This dumb ſcenery tired me, and I walked out for relief to find

find my aunt; at the ſight of whom my tears flowed without reſtraint. Oh! Madam, I cried, I am undone, I have irretrievably loſt the friendſhip of my father. I related to her his late behaviour; when ſhe endeavoured to ſooth me with her embraces; and propoſed to carry me to Paris, by way of diſſipating my melancholy. I kiſſed her hand, thanked her for this generoſity, and expreſſed my readineſs to accept of it; yet repreſented my fear that my father would not give his conſent to the journey. She means to addreſs him on the ſubject; but what hopes can I indulge of her ſucceſs? The paſt has taught me to apprehend the future. Wretch that I am! dare I madly look for felicity?——————

Two o'Clock in the Morning.

I AM again at liberty, and reſume my deareſt employment. How wretched is the tenor of our fate! This reflection ever haunts my mind. Silence and ſhade only render the picture of our ſufferings more gloomy. I had promiſed myſelf a little reſt; but how ſhould night compoſe me? Am I for that at a leſs diſtance from you? Does not the ſame cauſe for complaint ſtill remain? As you went out yeſterday, I ſaid, this is the laſt time the door will open for him! My eyes followed your departing traces. How forlorn the ſolitude that ſurrounds me! In how deep a gloom am I enveloped! Theſe weeds of ſorrow, and funeral hues ſuit with the ſolemn ſerioufneſs of my ſoul; by reminding me of my loſs, they ſupply food to the inſatiable claims of my melancholy. I delight in tears; I water my bed with them;

ſleep, the comforter of other wretches, flies from me, or ſcatters his poppies over my temples, to alarm me with dreams more diſtreſſing than my waking imaginations. My only comfort is writing to you. How eagerly do I expect the wings of night to overſhadow the plain, and bring you nearer to me, by this indulgence! Every body is aſleep now; and this is the only time I can call my own. Ah! let them ſleep; I envy not their repoſe; is it to be compared even with the torment I ſuffer from recollecting your idea? What a charm ſtill dwells in my memory from the pleaſure we enjoyed before our misfortune! Never, my amiable friend, never ſhall I forget thoſe moments of ſerenity and ſatisfaction. Do you not remember that charming night when, during the feſtal noiſe and confuſion, by the ſide of you and my couſin, I wept? Not bitter tears, I aſſure you; yet I felt a preſentiment of our ſhort-lived happineſs; pain and pleaſure were ſo blended, that they inſpired me with a delicious melancholy. On the loſs of the moſt affectionate of mothers, I ſaw all the horror of my ſituation; I was ſenſible that I muſt renounce you; I wiſhed to triumph over my weakneſs, and was at war for a whole week with my own heart. But how great was your power, my friend! What influence you gained from abſence! Perhaps I was better able to withſtand you, than your image. My fancy painted it in all its charms, and the diſtance between us gave it new embelliſhments. You made your appearance like an angel diſpatched from heaven to comfort me, and every faculty within me revived at your ſight. Joy danced again in my heart; you ſeemed to have extricated me from an hopeleſs abyſs; and

when

when you left me, I ſunk once more into its glooms. I ſtill ſhudder at my father's ſcowling aſpect; a thouſand apprehenſions diſtreſs me. Am I doomed to be eternally miſerable? Have I not ſuffered enough already? To-morrow my aunt means to hazard her petition for my journey; to-morrow I ſhall know my ſentence.

It is uttered, it is paſt. Adieu! to hope. Woe, woe is my portion. I am choked with ſighs. Heavens! I foreſaw this; but what ſhocking circumſtances accompany the refuſal! I pauſe ere I can proceed. How ſhall I write to you?—Yet write I muſt; my aunt is on the point of ſetting out; Conſtantia will have the goodneſs to forward this letter; and I have hardly time to trace the imperfect characters, that are rendered ſtill more illegible by my tears.——Is there no pity in Heaven? Have I not courage to deliver myſelf from this load of exiſtence? Yes, but for the dread of deſtroying your life, ere now you ſhould have received my laſt adieu. Unfortunate man! read, and learn the ſum of our afflictions. Mr. de St. Cyran ſeemed gayer than uſual at dinner; his forehead was leſs cloudy; he deigned to converſe with me; and my fooliſh heart was ready to admit the flattering illuſions of hope. When the cloth was removed, the ſunſhine invited the company to take a turn on the terrace. I ſaid to myſelf, this is the critical inſtant, and remained with Lolotte in the parlour. About an hour afterward they returned, when my father's eyes appeared red and fiery; Madam d'Armian caſt hers down in a grave, auſtere manner. Conſtantia retired to a corner to weep; the Chevalier, playing with his fingers, ſtretched

himſelf on a chair, with an air of attention. I aroſe, at a loſs what behaviour to aſſume; after advancing a few ſteps toward my aunt, I continued ſtanding; ſhe gave a ſignal with her hand for me to ſit down, and threw herſelf into an armed chair, with a look of diſſatisfaction. This dumb ſhow alarmed me, and I waited in ſilent fear for the ſequel. My father bade Lolotte leave the room; then addreſſing me, he aſked ſternly, if I were weary of living with them? As I did not anſwer, he repeated the ſame queſtion in a harſher tone. I! Sir! I replied, I! weary of living with you!———Hah! am I not right? you cannot proceed; ſome ſmall remains of modeſty prevent; you have not yet the boldneſs to confeſs that I am in your way; that my penetration is offenſive to your intrigues.———Oh! Sir! Oh! my father!———Brother! ſaid Madam d'Armian, do not thus injure my niece; I only am blameable for having propoſed this journey; I did it with a view to diſſipate her melancholy; I ſaw her heart bleeding for the death of a mother, ſurrounded with objects which reminded her of the loſs, and I hoped that a few months abſence might give her relief. What! then, ſaid my judge to her, you are a dupe to her tears? No, Madam, it is not a mother for whom ſhe mourns, but a lover. I exclaimed, my hands inſtinctively raiſed to heaven, O my mother, deſcend to my aſſiſtance! juſtify your unhappy daughter! O thou beſt of mothers! How can I help weeping for you, I who have loſt every thing with you? Wild with deſpair, I was inſenſible of what I ſaid; I believe that I got up, and ſtruck the ground, as it were to raiſe

raiſe the ſhade of my parent. Conſtantia has told me ſince, that my eyes, and every emotion of my features expreſſed the diſorder of my mind. My father ſtepped up to me, and looking ſtedfaſtly in my face, cried, what does the girl mean? Is ſhe mad? She muſt be confined; and he was about to call in ſome of the ſervants. Sir! Sir! exclaimed my aunt, do you conſider what you are doing? And you, Tereſa, compoſe yourſelf! Why this agitation? You are not allowed to accompany me; well! my dear, ſtay behind, love your father, notwithſtanding his ſeverity, endeavour by your affection to awaken his.—Ah! Madam, I cried, I love my father; but———finiſh the ſentence, Miſs, ſaid a voice too well known to me; but he does not love me; is that what you would ſay?—I held my tongue. —No, if it is unkind not to give the reigns to your fooliſh paſſion, no, I do not love you, ungrateful girl; and you ſhall never again have admiſſion to my heart, till you have baniſhed from yours the raſh intruder who has uſurped my place. Believe that I am thoroughly informed, ſee and know every thing, and am not to be impoſed on by the tricks of your cunning. Am I a ſtranger to the man who affronts me, and diſhonours you? Had he not the aſſurance, but two days ſince, to appear in my preſence? Did I not detect your ſubtle looks and private ſignals? Has not the fondneſs of this diſtracted girl blazed out in the ſight of her father? Do you think me blind? At what a criſis has ſhe given herſelf up to this amorous frenzy? You are witneſs, Madam; ere the aſhes of an indulgent mother have ceaſed to glow. I drew near him, with claſped

hands, and trembling knees, Mercy! mercy! ſpare me! What ground have I given for ſo dreadful a charge? If I have ſhewn any reſpect for the perſon mentioned, I was authoriſed to do ſo by my mother; ſhe gave me her conſent; ſhe was acquainted with all my thoughts, with all my actions, and I ſhould have deemed myſelf criminal to have concealed them from her. It ſeems then that I, he replied, was not intitled to ſhare ſecrets of ſuch importance; I was an enemy of whom it was neceſſary to be cautious; and while a weak, deceived mother ſuffered a Mr. Nobody to make pretenſions to my daughter, and to lodge for convenience a few yards from my houſe; this amorous innocent dreaded my arrival, and hardly has ſeen me, without wiſhing to be gone, unqueſtionably to enjoy her liberty. But I ſhall take care of that; and declare to her in the preſence of her ſiſter, that till the moment ſhe receives the vows of the gentleman I intend for her huſband, and pledges hers to him at the altar, ſhe ſhall not forſake this caſtle, not though I ſhould be obliged to place a guard over her conduct. I ſhall prevent her running after her ſeducer, by making a priſon of her chamber; there let her weep at leiſure for her extravagances. When a daughter tranſgreſſes the limits of her duty, her father is authoriſed to diſregard the dictates of clemency, and from this day I mean to do her ſtrict juſtice.——How, my friend, ſhall I tell you every thing ſaid by the cruel man, whom I dare not call my father! He threatened me with the ſevereſt vengeance, if after a certain period I did not ſubmit to the horrid union he propoſes; he inflexibly deſpiſed the tears, the intreaties

intreaties of his ſiſter; my dear Conſtantia threw herſelf in vain at his feet; I ventured alſo to bow before him; I claſped my arms round his knees; I ſaid with mingled ſighs and tears, remember that Iam your daughter; pity me; do not treat me with ſo much cruelty; I conjure you, in the name of that tender mother who gave me her bleſſing in her laſt moments. Ah! Sir, have compaſſion on your own bowels, if you hope one day to experience the mercy of Heaven! I am not ſo depraved, as you imagine; I have not diſgraced my family; I am not a loſt girl; no one has ſeduced me; the ſentiments of honour I received from you are ſtill engraved on my heart. Permit me ſtill to call you father, and to implore the ſympathetic feelings of a parent! Do not kill me with grief! Do not cut ſhort the life which you have given! The day may come, when you will lament your unkindneſs, but lament it too late. I preſſed his knees, as I uttered the laſt ſentence.———Begone! ſerpent, he replied, and with a jerk of his legs threw me at the diſtance of ſeveral feet on the carpet. His anger now was at the height, and he ſwore dreadfully that either I ſhould marry his friend, or that he would confine me in a place of ſecurity, from whence I ſhould never eſcape till carried to the grave. He ſwore too that if ever, my deareſt friend, I ſaw you again, dared to ſpeak or write to you, I ſhould feel the vengeance of his curſe. Without allowing an anſwer, he left us abruptly; and we continued ſilent ſometime as if ſtruck with a thunderbolt. Is the meaſure of my ſufferings complete? Or does Heaven reſerve me for new tortures? Why am I not a peaceful tenant

of the ſepulchre with the duſt of my forefathers? What are the years of an odious life to me, which I ſhall henceforth only number by my calamities? Ah! let us die; let us deliver ourſelves from this ſhocking load of exiſtence! I neither feel, nor think, nor in any manner am connected with the objects of this world. Deſperation ſeizes me; I ſee only tormentors, tortures, and a fiery gulph ready to receive my ſoul. But why ſhould I involve you in miſery? Fly from me rather; fly, thou adored, and worthy of the happieſt fate. Go, look out for a heart that can repay the attachment of yours! Go, enjoy far from me the felicity which you merit. Why perſiſt in loving an unfortunate, whoſe time is at hand; who can leave you nothing but remorſe? Deareſt of men! friend of my heart! will you then be able to leave me? Will not my image conſtantly attend you? May you not apprehend that it will imbitter every future moment of your life? If another can ſupply my loſs, love her, you have my conſent; could I learn from my dungeon that you were happy, I ſhould pay the ſacrifice of ceaſeleſs thanks to Heaven. Go, too generous friend; go far from an unfortunate ſpot, where nothing is to be expected but deſolation and mourning. I write to you for the laſt time. What can I add at any other? Shall I relate to you new diſtreſſes; afflict you with a recital of my torments; infect your ſoul with the poiſon that deſtroys mine; No, I will ſuffer alone; I will drink my tears, and conceal them from all the world. Adieu! forget me; write no more to me; let us no longer be any thing to each other; we muſt——Heavens! Can I ſurvive

vive it? Life to me will be a daily death; I am loſt in this deluge of woes; my reaſon forſakes me; I die; I die a thouſand times before my death———Adieu! my beſt beloved; you have been ever dear to me, and ſhall continue ſo, while breath informs this frame. However painful, I muſt utter my advice; ere long you will learn that I am no more. From the borders of the grave which I am entering, Faldoni, hear the voice of your miſtreſs! She conjures you to live, and to recover the ſerenity of your ſoul. Renounce for ever that cruel paſſion which makes victims of its votaries. Love no more! Let the example of our ſufferings be ever preſent to you. I deſire you to forget me, but that cannot be in your power; I flatter myſelf that you would attempt it in vain; yet forgive the grief I have cauſed you; do not hate me for it! My gentle friend, is it poſſible you could prove ſo ungrateful as to hate her who has eſteemed you with the trueſt affection? Alas! ſhe will no longer be able to juſtify herſelf; the heart that beat for none but you, will reſt in the tomb; her aſhes, ſtill faithful to their flame, might indeed accuſe you of injuſtice. May neither time, nor abſence eraſe your remembrance of our former tenderneſs! When time has weakened the impreſſion, may the idea of your miſtreſs ſometimes riſe in your fancy, without occaſioning any bitterneſs of reflection! Think of thoſe golden days which we ſo little enjoyed, of that felicity which is never taſted twice. Recall our amuſements, our converſations, that deathleſs ſentiment of a firſt love, that flame triumphant over human oppoſition. Think of her, who accounted it nothing to die

for

for you; and if you have an opportunity of viſiting the little ſpot of earth where ſhe repoſes, do not paſs it without the tribute of a tear! Adieu! —Sighs burſt from my heart; tears obſcure my ſight;———Oh! Faldoni, Adieu! for ever!

P. S. My couſin will return you your letters; a painful, but neceſſary ſacrifice! It would be dangerous to keep them; take them again, my friend, there is no occaſion for thoſe marks of your affection; I have others engraven at the bottom of my heart, that nothing can eraſe.—Muſt we then ceaſe our correſpondence; which was my only comfort? How wretched am I! Once more, adieu!——Every word makes me tremble. Deſire Mr. ——— the Curate, to come and ſee me; acquaint him with my ſituation; and may he be your comforter! I am not able to write to him. Alarming ſtate! Yet of what conſequence? Am I not on the verge of another world?

## LETTER LVII.

### THE CURATE TO TERESA.

I HAVE juſt had a warm contention with Mr. de St. Cyran. Your father, my dear child, is a moſt untractable man; I endeavoured in vain to win him by every motive of honour, juſtice and humanity. I repreſented to him, that his lady

lady had given her hand to the union which he diſapproved, and that it was already ſanctioned by Heaven. He inveighed with great bitterneſs againſt your mother and me; loaded with the moſt opprobrious names, my zeal to ſerve you; ridiculed the ties I contended for, as imaginary; and declared that if his daughter dared to thwart his will, he would inflict the ſevereſt puniſhment on her diſobedience. I waited till his firſt heat was over; then claiming my part in the converſation, began with reminding him of the engagement I entered into at your birth, to diſcharge the duty of a father to you, and of the care he himſelf had ordered me to take of your education. Having well eſtabliſhed my right to plead in your behalf, and to addreſs him with the concern of a tutor for his pupil, I aſked him, whether he was really deſirous of promoting his daughter's happineſs? Who can doubt it? he replied. Then ſaid I, with that diſpoſition, how could you think of forming ſo unſuitable a match? He was about to interrupt me, but I raiſed my voice, and ſaid, yes, Sir, the man you propoſe for Miſs Tereſa's huſband, is unworthy of her hand; his manners——You joke, he cried; how long have the manners of a man been a bar to his marriage? If none but Catos could get wives, what would become of mankind? This was too much for me; and I anſwered, what, Sir, you would not bluſh to give your daughter to a debauchee? You would heſitate to hazard her honour, her life, her lot in this world and in the next? Is this the language of a father? Admit that the corruption of the age has thrown a veil over immorality, and that a libertine is well received

ceived in the world if his exterior be amiable; it is becauſe that there, every one, attentive to his own intereſt, has little leiſure to examine the ſcenes around him; it is becauſe that there, a man may be vicious with impunity, provided he hurts none but himſelf. But you, who are a father of a family, you who are intruſted by Providence to watch over the happineſs of your children, how will you be able to anſwer the Judge of all, when he ſhall call you to an account for thoſe committed to your charge? I ſacrificed my daughter, you may ſay, to the views of avarice and ambition; I anticipated hell to her by an union intended for an earthly Paradiſe. What will be the conſequence, Sir, if you oblige her to marry a man the object of her abhorrence? Have you foreſeen all the diſadvantages and diſorders that will attend ſuch a connection? Are you not afraid of the day when they will draw imprecations on your memory? Behold their unhappy offſpring, who will juſtly accuſe you of all their ſufferings; behold the ill-fated wife, conſuming with grief, and ending her days before the term allotted by nature; or, if ſhe does not ſink under her burthen, ſee diſcord kindle the flame of endleſs hatred, diſjoin in the face of the world the jarring couple, and brand them with the infamy of divorce, while the courts of juſtice echo with the humiliating ſtory of their private differences. Having painted in the moſt gloomy colours the horrors of ſuch an union, I again ſtated your preſent alarming ſituation, and finding him inflexible, exhauſted every argument to convince him that he exceeded the limits of parental authority; that his violent conduct towards you was contrary to all laws

laws human and divine; that he would be the murderer of his daughter, whoſe life was in the moſt imminent danger; and that he hazarded your ſeeking the protection of the magiſtrate, if he continued ſuch unexampled barbarity of behaviour. I did not heſitate to add, that if you were driven to that reſource, I would be the firſt to ſupport you, though I had neither his credit nor fortune; but that I was ready to ſacrifice all my property in ſo noble a cauſe. At this his anger rekindled; he aſked me if I came to inſult him; and without waiting for my anſwer, drew near the window, ſwearing, that if I did not immediately withdraw, he would order his people to truſt me out of doors. He declared with a thundering voice, that his reſolution was fixed, that nothing ſhould change it; that to the laſt drop of his blood, he would purſue your lover; that a letter de cachet would be ready to avenge him of the ſcoundrel who raſhly aſpired to an alliance with his family; and that as to you, notwithſtanding your protectors, he would take care to ſend you, where your follies ſhould never be heard of. So ſaying, he conducted me to the door, proteſting that in future it ſhould be ſhut againſt me. I replied, Sir, I ſhall return hither whenever my duty calls me; for I promiſed your wife that I would ever be attentive to the welfare of your daughter. You may affront, ſtrike, throw me out of window, as your action threatened juſt now, for I am an infirm miniſter, an helpleſs old man; but you ſhall not prevent me from keeping my promiſe with the moſt virtuous of mothers and the moſt unfortunate of daughters. Yet be adviſed, and do not act too raſhly,

for,

for, thank Heaven! we live under a mild government, in which the Sovereign himſelf ſubmits to the laws he impoſes on his ſubjects. Conſider that a father is only head of a family, for its protection, not oppreſſion; that public juſtice eyes all his ſteps, and has an arm ready to reſtrain him, if he tranſgreſſes the boundaries of his power; do not imagine that you are intitled capriciouſly to bury the invaluable depoſite confided to you by nature, and by the laws left for a time to your guardianſhip; they will ſoon reclaim it of you with thunder in your ear. Neither imagine that you may with impunity attack the freedom of a fellow-citizen, and turn to the gratification of your private reſentment the arms of that authority, given for the ſuppreſſion of enormous villainy. Were it poſſible for you ſo to abuſe the confidence of your Prince, I would throw myſelf at the foot of his throne; and expoſe the grievances of my friend, of the honeſt man whom you dare deſpiſe, becauſe his ſituation is beneath you; I ſhould be heard; it would affect ſo good a king to ſee a poor worn-out clergyman, defying the fatigues and expence of a long journey, in behalf of injured innocence; and you would be covered with merited diſhonour. I left him with this menace, thoroughly reſolved to keep my promiſe.

You ſee what you have to expect; Mr. de St. Cyran is capable of any ſeverity; yet one truth may comfort you; it is that I am devoted, my dear child, to your ſervice, both in life and death. When the perſecution grows violent, my aſylum is open for you; fly to it, and enjoy repoſe.

You

You know that my fortune is narrow, but my regard for you boundleſs; and, I would flatter myſelf, may comfort you for what you will loſe. It is your friend, your Mentor, your ſponſor, who addreſſes this to you; a man grown grey in the labours of a venerable miniſtry. Vulgar ſouls might cenſure me for this diſcourſe; but in attempting to prevent or repel your misfortunes, I cannot forfeit my own eſteem, and that is enough for my conſcience. If you prefer a reſidence on the eſtate of Mr. de Themine, he has commiſſioned me to make you a tender of it; he is not leſs provoked than I am, at the injuries done you, and had I not withheld him, would have flown perſonally to reſcue you from the hands of your tyrants. Mr. de Themine, being related to your mother, has an undoubted right to lend you his ſupport; he is a zealous patron on whom you may depend. He has traced a plan for you. Under the alternative of marrying the moſt contemptible of mankind, or feeling the vengeance of the moſt cruel of fathers, he propoſes your flying to the ſanctuary of a convent, and imploring the protection of the miniſters of juſtice. They are the guardians of the orphan, deprived by the courſe of nature, or a perverted diſpoſition, of a father. They will learn that a moſt worthy mother gave your hand to a virtuous man who is withheld from you; they will be informed who is the wretch ſo unfeelingly allowed to purchaſe you; their wiſdom and integrity will determine your fate; and you will then be at liberty to chooſe either of our houſes for a retreat. It

It reſts with you, my dear child, to be deciſive; I do not pretend to ſway you by my advice; ſpeak but the word, and you may depend on a faithful compliance with your wiſhes.

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## LETTER LVIII.

### TERESA TO THE CURATE.

AH! Sir, what a train of charming ideas have you revived in my mind? Hope, thou balmy enlivener of the wretched, has thy cheering ray then not entirely deſerted me? Is there a poſſibility of that union for which my heart has throbbed with ſuch energy of deſire? My days ſhall at length glide in the even flow of peace! I ſhall be bleſſed with the company of thoſe I love! Freedom and contentment ſhall ſmile on me; and tears be ſtrangers to my eye-lids!———Ah! no, I muſt not indulge this golden dream. Were I to abandon my father's houſe, repentance would purſue my fugitive ſteps, and I ſhould be a wretch at the mercy of others pity. I am thoroughly ſenſible of your goodneſs, my poor heart ſhall bear the remembrance of it to the tomb. I thank Mr. de Themine for his generous offer; but what can I reſolve on in my preſent dilemma? I ſee nothing but vexation and regret, whether I ſtay or go; I muſt expect to ſuffer either the tortures

tortures prepared for me, or my own remorſe. Shall I have recourſe to the laws, and call in their aſſiſtance againſt my father? Rather, would they not be diſpoſed to puniſh a guilty daughter? No, Sir, the warmth of your friendſhip for me miſleads you, and you would be the firſt to condemn ſuch conduct. Shall the rebellious voice of an undutiful girl diſturb the throne of juſtice, with the frivolous complaint of being forbidden to receive her lover? Righteous Heaven! rather let the earth open and hide my ſhame! I would have my country liſten to a child who has ſome right to complain; I would have it underſtand that my treatment is more ſevere than equity demands; laſtly, I would have the freedom granted me to diſpoſe of my fate. But whither ſhould I flee, if before my judges in the moment of this vain triumph, I ſhould meet the glances of my father? His glances! Heaven! Sir, do you know them; can you paint them with my feelings? They would humble me to the earth; they would annihilate me; I ſhould ſee nothing at that inſtant but my diſobedience; they would drive me to the world's end, and thither would the dreadful image purſue me. Oh, my benefactor! forgive your daughter for daring to ſtart reflections which you muſt have already made. I know what arguments may be produced in ſupport of your letter, and am but too much inclined to admit them; but in reality ſhould never be happy on thoſe terms; and had therefore rather ſubmit to endure whatever may be reſerved for my puniſhment. What worſe is in the power of mortals, than to deprive me of life? If they kill me, they will ſhorten the duration of my afflictions, and I

ſhall

ſhall bleſs them for not letting me languiſh under their cruelties. I foreſee the utmoſt ſtretch of vengeance to which he may proceed, whom I tremble to mention. Can I forget that he once trampled me under his feet? Did he not curſe me, while I knelt to him, and was deprived of my ſenſes? Can his barbarity extend farther? No, I defy him in future, and am not to be intimidated by his menaces. Not that I conſider it as a crime to ſhun the tortures that await me; certainly the firſt law is to obey the voice of nature, which urges us to avoid pain; and I am alſo well aware that your exalted virtue would never recommend to me a conduct oppoſite to the dictates of the moſt rigid honour. Who knows better than you to eſtimate the morality of actions? And do you not imagine that my ſilly heart is ever diſpoſed to dwell with extaſy on the charming picture of felicity which I might enjoy? Is not the unfortunate, whom I ſhould tranſport with a delirium of joy, likewiſe concerned? Do I not hear him intreat, conjure me, to fly and accept of your refuge? No, Faldoni, no, you preſs me in vain; nothing ſhall alter my reſolution. Let me die! I beg you from the bottom of my ſoul; but would have you live; I command you to do ſo; my courſe is finiſhed, and you ſhall hear my name no more. My generous friend, you ſee that my head is turned; I can no longer connect my ideas; would fain thank you for all paſt favours, but loſe myſelf in an ocean of endleſs reflections. Where am I? What have I uttered? Why can I not accept of your ſuccour? Indeed I fain would! But do you not think that my father would purſue me to my retreat, however

ver cloſely it might be concealed? Were I to ſee him; to hear his voice; to perceive his ſhadow, I ſhould die with fear. Say, would not his courſe pierce the receſſes of my aſylum? Gracious God! how could he curſe me! How ſpurn me from him, like an outcaſt of the ſpecies! Merciful Being! thou didſt hear his malediction; thou knoweſt if I had drawn it juſtly on my head!——But tell me, Sir, do you think I could venture on this ſtep without remorſe? That is the demon who diſarms my reſolution. It is to no purpoſe to think of your plan, I can never adopt it. How ſhall I be proof to the pains of repentance, ſhould my conduct afflict my father? I fear that; for notwithſtanding his violence, I believe that he loves me. And why ſhould he not? He has ever been dear to me! Yes, I flatter myſelf that at the bottom he does not hates me. Judge what would be his grief for the loſs of his daughter! I had rather ſhed a thouſand tears than draw a ſingle drop from his eyes. Forbear, therefore, to concern yourſelf with my deſtiny. You diſplay in vain the flattering image of a happineſs which cannot henceforth be mine. It is a ſad truth, that death alone can eraſe the remembrance of thoſe golden days which are torn from me; but, alas! to recall them is only to weep for their loſs. If you ſee your friend, conjure him to labour for the cure of his unhappy paſſion. Ah! Sir, what a felicity would it be to me, to hear that he does not fall a victim to grief! Strengthen his courage; the preſent moment calls for all his fortitude. He, as a man, may find reſources of comfort; but how ſhall I ſtruggle with the decrees of deſtiny?

LETTER

## LETTER LIV.

### THE CURATE TO FALDONI.

I HEAR that you are a prey to deſpondence; overcome with grief, you avoid mankind, and are regardleſs of friendſhip; that ſentiment which communicates balm to the wounds of the unfortunate, finds you impaſſive; and I who flattered myſelf with having ſome title to a place in your heart, am forgotten by Faldoni. Unhappy man! why do I no longer behold you? Come, pour into my boſom the tears of deſpair! Your friend has ſympathy to receive them. Come, let me adminiſter comfort; let me teach you how the ſoul of the wiſe man riſes ſuperior to every misfortune. While I ſaw the leaſt reaſon to foſter your hopes, I was zealous to ſerve you; my own intereſt was not dearer to me than yours; I had even fixed your happineſs on a ſolid baſe; but a thunderſtroke has overturned my labour; it is your duty to adore the hand that wounds you; it is your duty to conclude, that the completion of your wiſhes was never regiſtered by his Eternal Providence. For three months have you not been the moſt happy of mankind? Adverſity ſucceeds; learn to endure it. Alas! there is one more wretched than you. I dread to name the party; but friendſhip would acquit itſelf, when neceſſary, of a taſk more unpleaſing. I have ſeen Miſs de St. Cyran; her deſpair, her cries, her tears, her groans have pierced my very

very ſoul. She certainly cannot long exiſt in ſuch an alarming condition. In vain I tried to ſooth her; ſhe neither ſees nor hears; her diſorder has quite changed her diſpoſition; I am told that ſhe is no longer converſible; and, refuſing to take nouriſhment, calls for relief on death. I found her bathed in tears; ſhe ſcarcely recollected me; and I had hardly gained her attention, when a ſudden thought ſtruck her; her heart ſwelled, and the tears guſhed again in torrents. In the name of God, do not add to her ſufferings! Conſider that her life depends on yours, and that ſhe makes your ſorrows her own. She wiſhes you to ſupport your misfortunes with becoming fortitude; ſhe ſays her own condition will be leſs pitiable, if ſhe hears that you are careful of your health. Set her then an example of courage; endeavour to pay her this laſt ſacrifice; that you have already offered will render this leſs difficult; for I muſt conceal nothing from you; ſhe has received your parting adieus, and you have no reaſon to expect that you ſhall ever ſee her again. Overcome by the tyranny of an inflexible, vindictive father, who will never forgive your having won his daughter's heart, ſhe has not the leaſt hope of being united to you; forbear therefore the preſumption of aſpiring to it; ceaſe to indulge an inclination which henceforth muſt have fatal conſequences. I ſhall lament all my life the having encouraged it. God, who reads the heart, knows that I am deſirous of ſerving you ſtill; but what would the feeble aſſiſtance of my zeal avail againſt the indignation of a provoked father? How much ſhould I be obliged to you, would you renounce ſentiments which can never render

you happy! I aſk it of you as an infinite favour. Come, my friend, make a noble effort for ſelf-victory; do not complete the ruin of that unfortunate fair one, by obſtinately indulging a hopeleſs paſſion for her; recover the ſerenity of friendſhip; a condition vaſtly ſuperior to the tumults of love. You are young; with all the energy of your age; your ſenſes are not debauched by vice; your ſoul has preſerved inſtinctive honour, and virtue is ſtill dear to you. Look around you; the world opens its theatre before you; you have long enough, too long, buried your talents; you muſt reſcue them from oblivion; hitherto an idle ſpectator, awake from this dull apathy; take your place in the ſcale of beings; aſſert your rank in ſociety, and pay to it the debt of labour which ſhe demands of all her members. Will you alone ſtand neuter amid this univerſal agitation? Is it not time to act, and mature the ſeeds of thoſe noble ſentiments which Heaven has ſown in your mind? How often have I ſeen your eyes ſparkle at the relation of generous actions! You were eager to imitate them; you envied thoſe great men whoſe ſublime enthuſiaſm raiſed them above the ordinary ſcenes of humanity; a divine tranſport was inſpired in you by the immortal pictures of their glory. Do you think then that they had not learned to conquer themſelves? Did their hearts glow with leſs warmth than yours? Do you imagine that the tyranny of love had intirely ſpared them? No, doubtleſs they were liable to all the ſtorms of life; but they ſpurned from them thoſe ſyrens the paſſions; they repelled the blandiſhments of luxury; they tore themſelves from the bewitching ſeductions of love; virtue was their goddeſs;

her

her perfect form ever present to them, they would see no other object; and to embrace her, they were ready to rush through flames. Far be it from me to preach up a lifeless philosophy which makes no allowances for pleasure! You know whether I approve of that ridiculous stoicism which renders man the child of sadness, and life a dungeon limited by pains, toils and combats. Indeed all mankind are not born for heroes; there are few of those favoured souls who are carried by a heavenly fire beyond the vulgar bounds; the great art of human life is to discover the exact line of things, and to regain, when we have exceeded it. Do not judge of the future by the present; you will not always be the victim of affliction; you will not always sigh with love; the time will come when your imagination will cool, when the favourite illusions of your heart will vanish like a gilded dream, and the fever of love be succeeded by the repose of the senses. Then you will regret the irretrievable moments lost in luxury, and the neglect of your duties; you will regret having lived so short a time, though loaded with years; you will weep over the remembrance of an unfortunate young lady whom you rendered miserable; of a friend from whom you turned your ear, and who will then, alas! no longer witness your concern. I conjure you to follow my advice, the few days I have to pass below; you will not be troubled with me long; you may see that I make rapid strides to my last home. Could I leave you composed, disengaged from your fetters, I should depart more contentedly! Do not let me go down to the tomb with the distressing reflection of having promot-

ed your illuſion! What can you gain by the favourite error of your ſoul? Renounce it; think of living well, and dedicate to virtue all your faculties, which have been devoted to the tyranny of love. I depend on this triumph from you; but if you diſappoint my expectation, you will ſend my grey hairs with ſhame to the grave, and be accountable to Heaven for having broken another wretch's heart.

## LETTER LX.

### TERESA TO CONSTANTIA.

AND you then have abandoned me! The only being whom I might expect to liſten to me is far off! Ah! my deareſt Conſtantia, why have you forſaken me? Alas! the unfortunate are alone; the air they breathe is contagious; every body flies from them; but you, my faithful friend, ſhould you have left me at the mercy of my executioners, delivered over to the utmoſt barbarity of their uſurpation? I am no longer one of the world; impriſonment, menaces, perſecutions, tears are the ſad portion of my days and nights! Great God, amid all theſe horrors, muſt that dear deluding image purſue me ſtill! O Faldoni! what have you done? Why have you loved me? I was ſerene, happy, my days glided in the peaceful ſtream of innocence; but you

you have introduced the fire that conſumes me; a mental incendiary, you have ſet a too ſuſceptible heart on flame; you have diſturbed my underſtanding, warped my reaſon, diſtracted my ſenſes, and utterly ruined me. The deſtructive fervor ruſhes through my veins; duty, wiſdom, and religion yield to the violence of this charming delirium. Whither can I flee to avoid you? My cruel relations have ſtifled the voice of nature; they have treated me like the daughter of a ſtranger; they have ſpurned me from their embrace. Miſtaken tyrants! with an intention to injure, they have ſerved you; they would have obliged me to love you, had it been in my power to heſitate. Alas! my affectionate mother is no more; ſhe can no longer wipe the tears from my eyes; her friendly voice can no more awake a glimmering of joy in my forlorn boſom. Ah! did ſhe know how they treat me; could ſhe hear my lamentations; ſhe would ſtart from the chamber of death to reſcue me from their violence. She would ſhake her winding ſheet over the bed where ſhe gave me birth, and ſting with remorſe the ſoul of my perſecutor. Deſchamps is diſcharged from our ſervice; ſhe was too fond of me; I muſt have leſs indulgent attendants. A girl ſupplies her place, who ſticks to me, like my ſhadow. I ſnatch the opportunity of her being aſleep to write to you; and to convey my letter to you muſt have recourſe to a hundred petty ſtratagems. In reality I am aſhamed of ſuch contemptible myſteries to which they reduce me. My dear little ſiſter, my only comforter at preſent, and who loves me heartily, has gained the old porter, and the good man undertakes my commiſſions. But ingenuouſly, my friend, I ſhall

not long have occaſion for his ſervices; my enemies have almoſt drained my cup of affliction. Since you left me, I have ſeen ſo many deaths, that mortality no longer alarms me. But that innocent exile! What is become of him? What muſt he ſuffer! I neither write to him, nor hear of him. Oh! my couſin, what a friend have I loſt? How tenderly he loved me! Where ſhall we find ſuch hearts as his? The ſearch is vain. Then we were ſo near felicity! What charming ſchemes we planned for days to come! What a dazzling horizon beamed on our expectations! But death at a blaſt has ſcattered thoſe phantoms, and all the gay enchantment is vaniſhed! The world appears to me now only a gloomy deſert covered with ruins; there aroſe a ſumptuous palace; here gardens; now we tread on tombs; walk over thorns, and arrive through diſmal lanes at the very abyſs ready to ſwallow up all. Yes, that abyſs is nigh; I ſee it, I ſtep on its edge, and feel a ſecret impulſe to plunge into its unfathomable horrors. I meditate the gloomieſt deſigns—— Alas! ſhould I quit the world, the chaſm will be ſoon ſupplied. The warrior drops, and his loſs is not perceived. My father is going to Paris; he commits me to the charge of his duenna, and in a month's time will bring hither the odious perſonage who is to be my chapman. But believe me, dear couſin, this marriage ſhall never be regiſtered; that is a reſolution immutably fixed in my own ſoul; a month may give riſe to a variety of unexpected incidents. It would be impoſſible for me to eſcape, I am ſo confined in my chamber, from whence I never go but to hear maſs; and then not without a guard. Yet were I at liberty

liberty to eſcape, indeed I have not reſolution to do it; unavoidable infamy would attend me; and if by no other tie, I am held to life by honour; but let the worſt come, I can die. Heavens! impaired as my conſtitution is, how little remains for my enemies to complete their triumph!

## LETTER LXI.

### TERESA TO THE CURATE.

ALAS! were not my ſufferings already more than I could bear? Why ſhould he come to increaſe my wretchedneſs? Indiſcreet man! notwithſtanding the many warnings I gave him to forget me. What did he expect to gain in my preſence?——Mr. de St. Cyran had called for me; I ſtood before him pale, bathed in tears, hardly daring to utter a few words to clear myſelf of his dreadful accuſations. My brother walked about, with his arms folded acroſs his boſom; ſuddenly the door opened, and Mr. Faldoni entered. I trembled, like one thunderſtruck; he himſelf appeared ſurpriſed at ſight of me and my condition. He advanced with agitation, diſtreſs and anxiety in his countenance; and expreſſed to me his concern for my tears. Sir, exclaimed a ſtern voice, I did not ſend for you to comfort Miſs, but to anſwer my queſtions; ſit down, if you pleaſe, and give me a hearing. Faldoni,

diſpleaſed at this opening, replied drily that he would not ſit down, but that my father might proceed. Mr. de St. Cyran, pointing to me with his finger, aſked him, how long have you known that young lady? Faldoni, with increaſing indignation, conſulted my looks, to learn whether he ſhould give an anſwer to this rude interrogatory. I ventured to ſay, I have been acquainted with the gentleman at my aunt's eighteen months. You were not queſtioned, replied the ſame voice in a more tremendous accent. Faldoni replied, do not be diſpleaſed with Miſs for her anſwer; for you ſhould not have extorted one from me; I never ſatisfy any perſon's queſtions except they are delivered in the ſtyle of intreaties, not with the authority of demands. The Chevalier, caſting a ſcornful look at him, ſaid, that for a man who required ſuch decorum, he ſhewed very little, and that his language might be more mannerly. Faldoni, turning round as if he had ſeen him for the firſt time, ſaid, who are you that preſume to dictate to me? I do not know you. Were you the perſon who came in my abſence, and put impertinent queſtions to my landlord concerning my way of life? Truly, I do not think that ſuch behaviour obliges me to reſpect your advice. I will make you know me, ſaid the Chevalier in a broken voice, clenching his hand. And pray who may you yourſelf be, cried my father, preſſing his knuckles on his knees, and ſtaring at him with fiery eyes. Who are you, inſolent foreigner? From what hovel, vile raviſher, are you come to corrupt the heart of this unfortunate girl, to drag her to diſhonour, and to rob a father of his daughter?———A father! Faldoni interrupted briſkly,

briſkly, ſhe never had one; ſhe never had any but a tyrant! At this, M. de St. Cyran, aroſe to get his piſtols; but the Chevalier prevented him; I ſhrieked out, and threw myſelf on the floor, with ſupplicating hands, between theſe inveterate enemies. See, cried my father, the wretched condition of that ſilly creature! I no longer acknowledge her for my daughter; I curſe, and abandon her, calling Heaven to witneſs, that I deliver her over to its vengeance. I fell flat on the ground, as he pronounced this horrible anathema. Faldoni, in a fright, flew to my aſſiſtance, and raiſing me in his arms, exclaimed, barbarous man! ſee your own work! you have nothing to do now but to cut her throat; but Heaven will reſcue her from your violence; Heaven, whom you imprecate, will protect her innocence. Being ſtill faint, I leaned on his arm; when the Chevalier forcibly removed me; ſtay, ſaid he, till my ſiſter is yours before you preſume to be her guardian; however much ſhe has diſobliged her friends, ſhe is not ſo forlorn as to need your aſſiſtance. Faldoni drawing near him, ſaid, what do you mean? Can you be her brother, who are her perſecutor? Or can he who has juſt uttered ſuch dreadful imprecations be her father? Where are her defenders? Let them appear, and I will embrace their party. But cruel men! you caſt her from you; your hearts are ſhut againſt her; ſhe has no hand but mine to dry her tears. By what right would you prevent my comforting her, ſince you ſhare nothing in common with her; why may I not be allowed to cheriſh a flower which you have thrown away? I admire the dignity of your ſentiments, but wiſh to ſee it diſplayed in

actions. Who will pledge themſelves for the reality of your zeal? What have you done to ſerve her? If you deny her the ſupport of a ſtranger, condeſcend to give her your own. The Chevalier anſwered coldly, if I owe ſupport to my ſiſter, it certainly is not againſt a father, whoſe will is ſacred with me; but againſt an inſolent young man, who by his aſcendency over a deluded girl, would urge her to deſpiſe parental authority, and plunge her in miſery for life. Chevalier, ſaid Faldoni, let us leave hard words to old men as their only weapons; you and I have no occaſion for them; is this the way in which you anſwer me? Yes, thus I ought to anſwer, replied my brother, one who, far from atoning for his injuſtice to us by a ſubmiſſive and reſpectful conduct, dares in our own houſe to addreſs us as our maſter; ſet up for protector of our family, and cenſor of our actions. Faldoni anſwered in a heat, how have I wronged you, who have given me offence without provocation? Is it a crime to love your ſiſter? I was inclined to reſpect you; but henceforth ſhall think you intitled only to my hatred. I did not come here to brave you; you violate the rights of ſociety, by inſulting a man who obeyed your call; and I have only repelled your affront. I do not pretend to be the judge of your conduct, which is indifferent to me; I am not the protector of your family, now Miſs is ſeparated from it; but I will aſſert her cauſe, without your leave; you have broke with her, and can have no buſineſs with her concerns. The Chevalier looked at Mr. de St. Cyran; that is valiant! ſaid he; and he repeated with a ſmile, that is very valiant! We ſhall ſee, ſaid my father impatiently;

impatiently; I am going to Paris, and at my return will take care to provide a houſe for his ſecurity. Till then, I recommend him to leave his lurking hole, and aſſure him, that if after tomorrow he is found on my eſtate, he ſhall dearly repent it. Noble Sir, anſwered Faldoni, I do not reſide on your eſtate; my honourable aſylum (ſuch I call it, as its tenants are virtuous people, though you would degrade it with the name of a lurking hole) is a free place, independent of you, and ſubject, like your patrimony, to the authority of the Prince, who will not ſuffer one ſubject to worry another in its hoſpitable ſhade. Enough, anſwered my brother haughtily, I ſhall take care to execute my father's orders. Faldoni anſwered him in the ſame tone, with all my heart, I bring them to me, I ſhall expect you; and he walked out. Mr. de St. Cyran was now ready to burſt with paſſion; he ran after him, and a moment after I was informed that they had taken him up. My heart was frozen at this news; and, meeting the Chevalier, I told him that ſuch treachery was unworthy of a gentleman; he ſwore that he was ignorant of it, and would ſee it repaired. And indeed I hear that Faldoni is ſet at liberty; yet am not intirely compoſed by this. What farther violence may one not apprehend! The cruel creatures are again looking for him; and perhaps while I am writing, ſtrike the fatal blow.—The Chevalier is juſt returned; it is ſaid they have met, and Faldoni is wounded. The blood ſtagnates in my veins; I can no longer hold the pen; God of comfort! aſſiſt thy unworthy ſervant!

LETTER

## LETTER LXII.

### FALDONI TO TERESA.

I MUST write to you; I muſt give vent to the anguiſh of my heart; this is the laſt time I ſhall dare to addreſs you; do not impute to me this violation of your commands as a crime; allowances ſhould be made for the wretched; every thing is torn from me; nothing but complaints is left; ſurely they will not be denied me! There was a time when amorous expreſſions crowded to my pen; when my enraptured ſoul formed only ſmiling images; joy animated my mind; and my lively ſenſations of happineſs ſhone in every epiſtle. But I am no longer the ſame; I am no longer that fortunate lover elevated by yourſelf to you; my empire is at an end; my throne in ruins; and from the low eſtate into which I am fallen, I humbly venture to raiſe my voice. O Tereſa! were you the object of my love! Was I every thing, who now am nothing! Dreadful revolution! I look back with horror on my deſcent, and compare myſelf to the angel of darkneſs thrown from heaven. From what a charming country am I returned! What enchantments are broken! I have reviewed every ſpot once embelliſhed with your preſence; have uttered my laſt adieus to them; have adored the ground preſſed by your feet; have kiſſed it with ſighs, and exclaimed, I muſt ſee you no more!——Your barbarous father then is reſolved to ſacrifice you! He will diſ-

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poſe of you at the merchant's price! That unnatural union will take place; and I muſt witneſs it in ſilence! I muſt not pray for the thunderbolts of heaven to blaſt a marriage formed in deſpite of the moſt ſacred engagements! No, I cannot refrain; let the infernal caverns open to receive the violators of our vows! Yet, Tereſa, you cannot ſubmit to theſe nuptials, while I live; you cannot; your faith is pledged to me; heaven and earth are the witneſſes. Stay till I am dead; ſtay till my duſt is ſcattered by the winds, with the oaths that you have ſworn to me! I ſhall not delay long to ſet you at liberty. Your brother has already opened the ſluices of my blood; you may end my fate; one word will do it; and I expect that from your pity. Why ſhould I live to ſee a father, unworthy of that name, ſign your miſery; and the vileſt of mankind revel in your arms? Why ſhould I live to vegetate in a deſert, with an inactive heart, a ſpiritleſs ſoul, and youth worn out with affliction? Shall I weary Heaven with my complaints, and mankind with the ſtory of my injuries? Heaven has abandoned me; men are not fond of liſtening to the unfortunate; they have other avocations. The time which I ſhould ſteal from them would be borrowed of their pleaſures, and they muſt not be interrupted in their enjoyment. At what door ſhould I knock for happineſs? Should I go a begging for it a few worthleſs days, and vilely pay my court to fortune? No, my friend! I have reſolved, and will rather die. I will quit this odious world, where diſtinctions, honours, rank, riches, eſteem and fame are reſerved for vice; where the man of integrity

ſtoops

ſtoops to the duſt; and diſgraced with rags, is hardly allowed to poſſeſs a ſoul immortal. Could the genius of Brutus or Cato inſpire one of the crowd, unleſs fortune ſhould raiſe him on her wheel, he would live deſpiſed, indigent, obſcure, and die forgotten. The road to promotion is to be ſupple; thoſe who would dazzle others muſt diſhonour themſelves; with a brazen forehead the man of the world has an heart of iron. Toil! ſweat! heap gold! be opulent! Who ſhall dare to reproach him with having oppreſſed the widow and the orphan; with having drunk the blood of the people, and ſtopped his ears to their lamentations? Beſides, it may not be known that his outſet in life was ignominious, and that he meanly ſtooped to the contemptible idols of the day. He ſits on the ſummit of proſperity; and avenges himſelf with contempt of thoſe whom he has devoured! No, rather let me die, than ſee the children of pride raiſed above me, and ready to trample me under foot. What are thoſe ſwoln reptiles, and who do we call a man of conſequence? A baſe fellow, diſowned by virtue, who hangs over his gate the arms of his anceſtors. It comforts me to think, that there is no diſtinction in the grave; they go down to it poor and naked as I; and after that perhaps I may be raiſed above them.——Monſter as he is, has he not dared to aſſert that I diſhonour you? Ah! my blood boils, I tremble, I burn with rage, and ſhall be tempted to pluck out his heart! But that monſter is your father?——O Tereſa! why ſhould he be your father?——And you wiſh me to live? You would have me breathe the air with him? Shall I continue on the earth that ſupports him?

Shall

Shall I wait, till it is rid of his burden, to be happy? Vain hope! the barbarian will live a length of years, and you will ſtill groan under the fetters of the tyrant, when the ſepulchre ſhall long have cloſed on the duſt of your unhappy friend. What ſhould I do in the world? I am not diſpoſed to courtly intrigue, flattery, falſhood, nor wickedneſs; my heart is on my lips; my foot ſhrinks from the cruſhing of an inſect; a ſuffering particle agonizes me; I ſympathiſe with all the family of misfortune; I look upon myſelf as the moſt inconſiderable of my ſpecies; and hardly command the valet who receives my wages. Such a character ſhould avoid mankind, and eſcape to the rocks of the new world; but I have viſited that quarter, and will not return thither; becauſe I ſhould walk over the graves of my benefactors, and add diſtreſs to my diſtreſſes. Ah! to what deſert, what diſtant climate can I flee, and not carry with me the wounds I have received from you? Dear, dreadful beauty! like the Deity at once ſevere and beneficent. The torment and delight of my ſoul! My miſtreſs, my companion, my ſpouſe, you bid me forget you; you command me neither to ſee nor write to you; you baniſh me from you, yet wiſh me to live! Ah! cruel Tereſa, I muſt then behold you no more; I muſt no longer converſe with you; you will ceaſe to exiſt as to me! Anguiſh! deſpair! and fury! go; let me end a miſerable life! Let me die lamenting the hour I knew you! Let me weep tears of blood on the dear, deluding characters that confeſſed I was not indifferent to you. I hold the glowing epiſtles which you claim; nothing can raviſh them from me; I preſs them to my heart; cover them with kiſſes; conjure them

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to obſerve their promiſe; repeat with them this affectionate ſentence; "you who were ever dear "to me, and ſhall continue ſo to the laſt pulſe of "my life."——Yet you have written, "let us no "longer be any thing to each other."—— Ah! you cannot ceaſe to love me, but by ceaſing to live. You can never give to another the faith that belongs to me. Heaven and earth ſhall ſooner paſs away than Tereſa change. I know your heart too well; inconſtancy and perfidy cannot enter it; it is ſuperior to the caprices of humanity; immutable as Heaven, with an eye to every period, I am its only object. Let us die, my dear Tereſa, let us die together! I ſhall reſign the world well contented, if I do not leave you behind. What happineſs awaits us! No more perſecutions, no more obſtacles! But God, the protector of innocence, and benefactor of mankind, the common father of all beings, will have mercy on our infirmities, and pity the injuries that we have ſuffered. We ſhall ſee again the affectionate mother whoſe loſs you mourn; ſhe will conduct us to the throne of the Supreme, and ſupplicate his divine goodneſs in our favour! ſhe will preſent her children to him who had no aſylum on earth, and who fly for refuge to him. Will that Great God, that God of mercy, impute to us as a crime the having haſtened the moment of our returning to his parental boſom? Surely no, my Tereſa; a crime is an injury; but by this conduct we ſhall hurt no one; we ſhall ſlide ſilently into the tomb, without being miſſed; we ſhall by no means interrupt the ordinary confuſion of terreſtrial affairs; the wicked will not be leſs oppreſſive; the good will not be more triumphant.

But

But it may be objected, God will puniſh us.—— No doubt, God will puniſh cruel men, and tyrannical parents; but what have we done to provoke his vengeance? By loving each other, we obeyed his will; we followed the virtuous impulſe of nature, and ſtrewed our path with a few flowers; our days were conſecrated by the Supreme; we invoked him in the enjoyment of our pleaſures; we were fond of exiſting, thinking and converſing in his preſence. How often in the hours of felicity have we raiſed our hearts with gratitude to him! we bleſſed him for our affection; he condeſcended to receive our vows, and ſaw the ſincerity of our eſteem——Yes, truſt me, Tereſa, he has received our vows, and if you break them, expect neither felicity nor peace; your memory will ever be puniſhed with the image of your friend; his pale, bloody ſpectre, amid the gloom of your guilty nights, in doleful accents will reproach you with your ingratitude; you will be attended by it in the duſk of Autumn, by the glimmering of the moon, on your nuptial couch; and you will ſtart with horror from the arms of your baſe huſband, from that wretch who perſiſted in claiming the hand of her who could not give her heart——His name rouzes my old indignation——Adieu! I will die! But do you live! Live, for the happineſs of the world; live, to preſerve on earth the image of virtue! Should you die, what would become of it? Ah! my tender friend, how could I with ſavage ferocity court you to follow me? It was the raſh voice of love, jealouſy and deſpair. You, adorned with all that nature can beſtow; dear to a whole town! the idol and ſupport of the unfortunate; in the blooming

ing pride of youth; ſhould you conſent to accompany me to the land of darkneſs and the ſhadow of death? Ah! forgive this delirium of grief; my hand writes without the direction of my mind; I weep, exclaim, ſtart up, walk about diſtractedly, reſume my pen, and bathe every word with tears. Adieu! Adieu! my ſoul! I muſt depart; I go but before you; ſhall expect, and am confident of, ſeeing you again.

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## LETTER LXIII.

### TERESA TO FALDONI.

IT is then your opinion, that we ſhall meet again in that dark and diſmal abyſs——No, come, my friend, let us die together. How can I permit you to go alone, I who value life only for the ſake of you? Alas! you know that it was my wiſh to have employed it in promoting your happineſs. Come, my better ſelf, I wait for, and am ready to follow you; with you I am willing to be everlaſtingly happy or wretched. Of what conſequence to me is my condition, ſo I ſhare yours? Is it poſſible for us to be more miſerable than we are? If we ſuffer for it, we ſhall at leaſt never part again. Yet give this ſtep a mature conſideration! for my part, I cannot examine whether we ſhall commit a crime, whether the crime be againſt nature and the laws, or whether by it we ſhall expoſe ourſelves to eternal puniſhment.

ment. My weak reaſon is dethroned; it was ſo the moment I admitted love to my boſom; true, ſome ſmall ſparks remained, but my troubles have entirely extinguiſhed them. I no longer perceive any thing but a vindictive father, and the horrid connection he has formed for me; while you, my friend, your woes, and the faith I have plighted to you, ruſh to my mind, and inflame me with a deſperate delirium. How ſhall I ſhun my fate? Were I but alone unfortunate! But to be ſo without you, but to add perjury to my wretchedneſs! I could not ſurvive it; I ſhould die a lingering death, deprived of your company. What are ten or twenty years rolling over one's head? Short, if happy; and if miſerable, an age too long. How often have I regretted, my friend, that Hymen had not joined our hands, and reſcued us from the power of our enemies! In what heavenly harmony ſhould we have ſpent our days! But, no, ſuch felicity would have ſet us on a level here below with the envied condition of angels, and to that it would have been preſumption to have aſpired. Let them live, the cruel creatures to whom we are victims! Let them live, and if they can, enjoy thoſe bleſſings, of which they deprive us! Theſe are my worſt wiſhes at parting with them. And may that God of goodneſs, whom perhaps we offend, have pity on our deſpair! I conjure him to pardon us; on my knees I humbly implore him to let us taſte that cup of bitterneſs of which he himſelf has drank, and to forgive human frailty for throwing off a burden it can no longer bear——Adieu, my friend,—— Adieu! I ſhall then ſee you again for the laſt time——Let that be Sunday. My father is from home,

home, but will ſoon return; and ſuch another opportunity may not offer. Attend maſs by eight o'clock in the chapel; be careful to diſguiſe yourſelf, and mingle with the crowd of villagers; I will be in the gallery, and continuing there till the congregation goes out, will ſend my ſervants home before me, and then—— my dear Faldoni ——Reflect on this dreadful ſeparation, which may be followed by a more ſhocking futurity. Gracious Power! ſhould we never ſee each other again! Suppoſe an everlaſting ſilence, an impenetrable night ſhould irrevocably involve our being! Suppoſe that the parting adieu I give you on receiving the fatal ſtroke, ſhould abſolutely be the laſt! The very idea thrills my blood with horror! ——Away with it! Let us be courageous! They ſhall ſee, the barbarians who perſecute us ſhall ſee us levelled by each other's hand; they ſhall behold our gaping veins mingle their purple currents in one friendly ſtream; they ſhall too late groan for having been the cauſe of it; the viper of remorſe ſhall writhe round their heart-ſtrings, and torment them to the ſoul.

LETTER

## LETTER LXIV.

THE WAITING-MAID OF TERESA TO THE COUNT DE ST. CYRAN.

SIR,

I HAVE ſhocking news to tell you——Miſs Tereſa and Mr. Faldoni, killed themſelves this morning in the chapel. I am ſo diſtreſſed at this alarming incident, that I know not how to give you an account of it. O Sir, what a dreadful diſaſter! yet who could forſee it; Miſs appeared ſo compoſed! Yeſterday, being Saturday, ſhe diſtributed ſome money, according to her cuſtom, among the poor villagers; and deſired them to remember her in their prayers. Two orphan children were preſented to her; ſhe placed them by the door-keeper, recommended their bringing up to his care, and promiſed to pay him for his trouble. An old woman came likewiſe to her, who was burthened with a large family, and whoſe huſband, on ſome trifling occaſion, had been ſent to priſon; ſhe wrote herſelf to the bailiff for his releaſe; ſhe then withdrew to her apartment, where ſhe reſumed the pen. Agreeably to the orders given me to watch her cloſely, I followed her; ſhe was two hours engaged in writing letters, and came down ſtairs, when the bell rang for dinner. She found the Vicar in the room, and converſed a long while with him in private. He afterwards told us, that ſhe gave him twenty-five louis to diſtribute to the poor of the pariſh. On examining her bureau, which ſhe had

had left open, we found it was all the money in her poſſeſſion. She was obſerved to change colour ſeveral times during dinner. Mr. ——— the Chaplain perceived her abſence of mind; for ſhe was evidently very deep in thought; but ſuddenly checked herſelf, and ſtruggled to recover her ſpirits. She only eat a little cream. Somebody mentioning a man who had been killed in the foreſt! ſhe grew pale, and ſhivered; but this was not remarked as any thing extraordinary, for ſhe had frequently been ſeen affected to tears with ſuch relations. It was conjectured that the unfortunate perſon had fallen in a duel, as he had not been robbed; he was wounded in the breaſt, and his ſword lay by him. The converſation turned a long time on this ſubject. Miſs, who had hitherto ſaid nothing, grew tired of the gentleman's moral reflections, and aſked whether thouſands of better men did not meet death in the field of battle, and fall without notice? They die for their King, added ſhe; and may not the ſubject of our diſcourſe have loſt his life for the ſake of honour, dearer than a King? Then looking at her ſiſter, ſhe ſaid, and you Lolotte, ſhould not you be willing to die for me? The young lady aroſe, and running to Miſs's arms, cried, in a moſt affectionate manner, yes, ſiſter; yes, I would give you the laſt drop of my blood, if required. Miſs puſhed her away gently with her hand, and ſaid turning her head aſide to weep, you are a little ſimpleton! they then embraced each other. The Chevalier dined out, and in the afternoon ordered his horſe to be ſaddled for a viſit a few days to Lyons. His piſtols lay on a table in the hall; Miſs obſerving them on coming in,

in, took one and aſked her brother coolly the manner of uſing it. He ſhewed her balls and powder; ſhe looked at them ſteadfaſtly a few minutes; then very calmly put the mouth of the piſtol to her forehead; is not this the way, cried ſhe, to bid adieu to the world? Fie! ſaid the Chevalier, one would think you meant to leave us in earneſt. If I did, ſhe replied with the ſame compoſure, many people would be ſurpriſed to hear of it.

As he was going to get on horſeback, he ſaid to my young lady, will you not permit me to embrace you? He folded her tenderly in his arms, and ſhe burſt into a flood of tears. He laid his whip on the table, took his ſiſter by the hand, and leading her to a ſopha, ſat down by her. I have grieved you, and am ſincerely ſorry for it; but why are you ſo inflexible? Why do you refuſe the huſband propoſed for you? How very imprudent it is in you to give your heart to a ſtranger? Brother, ſhe replied, your queſtions are unreaſonable; who aſks a patient why he has a fever? But there is nothing to add on the ſubject between us; let us talk no more of it. I agree, anſwered the Chevalier, yet you will be the ſufferer by this ſilence. As to me, you know that I can do nothing in your behalf; for the vexation I have given you in this affair, I aſk your pardon; let us embrace; forget the paſt; and act hereafter as you pleaſe; you have my promiſe, that I will never diſturb you again. Yet I muſt beg you to reflect, that you will meet with a world of difficulties; for you know how abſolute my father is; and that he would rather ſee you dead than diſobedient. Miſs liſtened with her head down,

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and her finger on her lips, as it were to prevent herſelf from ſpeaking; then raiſing herſelf, ſhe ſaid Adieu, brother! And turned her cheek to him, which he kiſſed. As he ſat off, ſhe followed him with her eyes to the end of the lane; then coming in, renewed her tears. A horrible ſtorm aroſe, which continued all night; the wind whiſtled in the arches of the caſtle in a tremendous manner; the hail rattled againſt the windows; and the roar echoed from the diſtant mountains. We were all ſitting by the fire-ſide; play was propoſed, we frolicked, we laughed, and forgot the tempeſt. Miſs being of the party, had a forfeit to pay, and was commanded to declare what ſhe thought of; her anſwer was, to-morrow. We took no notice of this expreſſion, and the diverſion went on merrily as before. She refuſed ſupper, and withdrew early to her chamber. When I went up thither, ſhe was reading; I aſked her if ſhe would not go to bed; ſhe replied, it was of no conſequence, for the ſtorm would hinder her from ſleeping; and that ſhe preferred ſitting up, till it had abated. Her little ſiſter knocked at the door, ſaying, ſhe was afraid to be alone. When ſhe was ſeated, ſhe told Miſs, that in croſſing the yard without a light, ſhe had ſeen an apparition covered with a long veil, and reſembling her dear Mamma; that the phantom diſſolved in air, like a vapour, and vaniſhed toward the churchyard. Miſs ſmiled at the young lady's fear, yet ſhed tears at the recollection of her mother. Should you be really frightened, ſaid ſhe, if ſome night my ſpectre were to lay hold of you? Oh! that is different, replied Miſs Lolotte; you are not yet dead, beſides, you know, ſiſter,

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under every form you will always be welcome; for you are ſo good that you can do me no harm. Well, added Miſs, wait till to-morrow; do you obſerve me? to-morrow I ſay at this hour. Yes, yes, ſaid her ſiſter, you will walk into my chamber, and return the viſit I pay you; and ſhe then began to careſs my lady. Give me my harp, ſaid Miſs; a tune has run in my head for an hour; I muſt ſing it. She took the inſtrument, and ſung a very doleful ballad; of which ſhe often repeated the following couplet:

We've liv'd, we'll for each other die,
'Tis time for us to part no more;
If by one death from earth we fly,
What left behind can we deplore?

As ſhe ſung theſe words, ſhe dropped a few tears, which her ſiſter kindly wiped away. What an ugly ſong that is! ſaid ſhe; you are in a humour for weeping, ſiſter; nothing ſtrikes you but melancholy ideas. Miſs de St. Cyran interrupting her, cried, will you ſleep with me to night; you ſhall lie in bed the longer for it. Yes! ſaid the little lady, and maſs is to be celebrated at eight o'clock! At the naming of maſs, my lady aroſe haſtily, and walked faſt about the chamber. Well, ſaid ſhe, in a few minutes; get you gone, my dear friend; go; I wiſh to be alone. Her ſiſter obeyed; ſhe called her back; no, no, my little darling, ſtay with me, ſtay a little; we ſhall not always be together; and the tears guſhed from her eyes. You ſhall go to bed preſently; that you may be ready to-morrow to hear maſs. ——But, ſiſter, you will not be there, if you

mean to ſit up all night, for you muſt ſleep in the morning?——I ſhall be there! my dear! certainly, I ſhall be there! and then, as you obſerve, I ſhall ſleep in the morning. So ſaying, ſhe began to run over the ballad again, playing a few notes on the harp. But does not ſomebody knock? ſhe cried, I hear a noiſe at the door. It was nothing but the wind. However, the little lady trembled, for her mind was alarmed at the ghoſt. This, ſaid ſhe, is a terrible night! Yes, anſwered Miſs de St. Cyran; but ſome days are as bad; The ſtorm having at length ceaſed for two hours, my lady ſent her ſiſter away, after embracing her ſeveral times; ſhe then went to-bed, and fell aſleep. This morning I went into her room at ſix o'clock to dreſs her; ſhe aſked me for her white India-ſattin gown; I told her that ſhe had kept it in her drawers all the ſpring and part of the autumn, and that it was no longer wearable. That is a whim, ſaid ſhe; I will put it on once more. She often looked at her watch, and opened the windows; it was ſtill night; but the weather was much clearer, and the ſtars viſible. She leaned on the elbow of the caſement, and looked earneſtly at the plain, expreſſing ſome emotion, on hearing the ſound of travellers feet. She walked about the chamber; ſat down again; had the fire light; took a book; threw it aſide; ordered breakfaſt on the table; aroſe without touching it; reſumed her ſituation at the window, watching for the firſt crimſon ſtreaks of the morning. In all this ſhe obſerved the moſt profound ſilence; never ſpeaking but to give me orders. When the firſt bell rung for maſs, ſhe turned

turned pale, bade me fetch her a glaſs of water, and took it with a trembling hand. I really began to ſuſpect that her mind laboured with ſome extraordinary deſign, and propoſed to watch her narrowly the reſt of the day. On comparing the circumſtances of her behaviour the preceding night, I was confirmed in my reſolution; but did not conjecture that the occaſion was ſo alarming. When the laſt bell rung, I attended her to chapel; ſhe at firſt caſt her eye on the congregation, but did not remove it afterward from her book. Maſs being over, ſhe told me ſhe had private prayers to ſay, and ordered me to take her ſiſter home, ſaying that ſhe would return by the aſſiſtance of a domeſtic. Every body had come out, and I grew uneaſy at not ſeeing her; I had deſired her attendants not to go far from her, and they goſſiped with the farmers of the village at church door. Suddenly there was a dreadful cry; I heard them ſay, Miſs de St. Cyran is dead! and theſe words echoed like thunder through the houſe. A ſervant came up to me, but could not ſpeak; I was putting Miſs Charlotte's cap on; and flew away acroſs the court-yard, where all was horrid confuſion, running from one ſide to another, juſtling, crying, weeping; I queſtioned, but no one could anſwer me. An old domeſtic tearing his hair, lay on the ground; I ſpoke to him; he pointed to the church; I ran thither, preſſed through the throng that crowded the gate, and got to the altar——Oh! Sir! Oh! my maſter! What a ſight! I beheld my miſtreſs; I ſaw her ſtretched at the foot of the altar, her head reaſting on the lap of Mr. Faldoni, who,

muffled up in his cloak, lay on his ſide. They had each a piſtol faſtened to the thumb of the right hand with a ribbon; and had certainly agreed on ſome ſignal to diſcharge their pieces at the ſame inſtant. Miſs de St. Cyran's ſhoulder was ſhattered, and ſhe ſtill breathed. Mr. Faldoni was wounded in the heart. As I entered, Miſs Charlotte ran in; they would have kept her off; but ſhe ſtruggled violently, and got cloſe to her ſiſter. Ah! could you have ſeen her! Could you have ſeen the dear child! She extended her arms, and fell motionleſs on the body of my lady. Every aſſiſtance was given her, and on recovering her ſenſes, ſhe ſhrieked horridly, exclaiming, they have killed my ſiſter! they have killed my ſiſter! She glued her lips to the dear lady's, and diſſolved in a flood of tears. An attempt was made to remove her from he bleeding body, but to no purpoſe; ſhe had locked it in her arms; ſpurned us with her feet; and ſaid ſhe would die with her ſiſter. My lady ſhewing ſome ſigns of life, a ſurgeon flew to her aid; but his care was uſeleſs; ſhe juſt opened her eyes; endeavoured to ſpeak; and even lifted up one of her hands which immediately fell again; ſhe uttered a faint murmur, and breathed her laſt ſigh on the lips of her ſiſter. It was impoſſible to keep off the crowd, which increaſed every moment. A young man forced his way to us; the ſame who was married at the cloſe of the ſummer by my miſtreſs; he kneeled to her, kiſſed her hand, preſſed it to his heart, and groaning, withdrew. We were in the utmoſt confuſion and diſtreſs, when the Chevalier arrived; he turned every body out, and ſhut the door of the chapel.

A ſervant

A ſervant put the horſes in the chaiſe, and flew to find Mr. —— the Curate. Gracious Heaven! what will the good man ſay, when he learns the death of his god-daughter? It is a ſcene of general conſternation; nothing is heard but groans; the peaſants whoſe diſtreſſes ſhe relieved, come and kneel at the church door, weeping and lifting their hands to heaven. Mothers, children, old men, fall down in the ſame ſorrowful attitude; the court looks like a temple; I never ſaw any thing ſo affecting!

Monday.

The Curate arrived yeſterday evening? he wept much; ſaid this ſtroke would kill him; called inceſſantly on his children; ſpent the night by their ſide, in prayers and groans. They are laid out in the parlour; the Curate wiſhes them to be put into one coffin; but the Chevalier will not conſent to it. The crowd continues the ſame; they ruſh into the parlour at one door, and go out at the other. It would have ſeemed cruel to refuſe this indulgence to ſo many poor creatures, who wiſh juſt to have a parting view of their benefactreſs. We are all overcome with grief; Miſs Charlotte is confined to her bed with a violent fever; the Curate has loſt his fortitude; he is for ever ſaying, that he ſhall not live long; and ſits by the ſide of the corpſes that lie in their cloaths on a bed of ſtate. A deadly ſilence reigns through the houſe; only the wind is heard whiſtling through the hollow apartments. Death ſeems to have ſtalked through the chamber; a

dreary ſolitude prevails every where; excepting the parlour, which is never free from viſitors, all is deſerted. Dinner has not been ſerved, nobody heeds it.

In the Evening.

The Biſhop has iſſued a prohibition to bury them in conſecrated ground; this ſeverity occaſions a general murmur. They are to be carried to a willow-grove, half a league from hence.—— I am juſt come from paying my laſt duty to my miſtreſs. Oh! God of mercy! Have pity on her! I wept at covering her with the winding ſheet; indeed it pierced me to the heart. So ſweet, ſo charming, in the bloom of her youth! Her features were ſtill beautiful, notwithſtanding her violent death. Her cheek, which retained ſomething of its native bloom, reclined on her ſhoulder; I ventured to kiſs it; and bade her adieu with inexpreſſible anguiſh. The Chevalier ſeeing her laid out, burſt into tears, and ſaid, he ſhould perpetually recall the friendſhip of their childhood, and their early affection. He cut off a lock of her hair, and withdrew to give vent to his grief.—I hear now the ſtroke of the hammer on the coffin.—Alas! it is all over! We ſhall never ſee her again! Her nurſe, who is here, exclaims, I was preſent at her birth! I nouriſhed her with my milk! Then ſhe beats her boſom; and her diſtreſs draws tears from the eyes of all who ſee her.

Ten

## Ten o'Clock at Night.

They are gone! They are taken away! Ah! Sir, what gloomineſs! what ſolitude! The caſtle is deſerted; nothing remains in it but women. We have ſhut ourſelves up, to indulge our grief; my eyes are drowned in tears, as you will diſcover by the paper. When they were about to remove the bodies, the Curate drew near, ſupported by two ſervants; ſeveral gentlemen of the neighbourhood, drawn together by the report of our misfortune, and peaſants from the adjoining village, filled the parlour and the paſſages. There was a general ſtop to lamentation, that the venerable paſtor, who began to raiſe his voice, might be heard. Speaking of his friend, he ſaid that he had merited the love of his companion in death, and even forced thoſe to eſteem, who could not love him; he dwelt with a melancholy pleaſure on the praiſe of his fair ſcholar, and communicated to every heart the ſame admiration of her, which ſwelled his own boſom. He recalled the ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition, her generoſity, candour, exalted piety, and zeal for virtue, which had occaſioned the ſacrifice of her own happineſs to her principles. He vindicated her partiality for Mr. Faldoni, by ſaying that it was ſanctioned by her mother; he added roundly that the match which they would have forced upon her, was utterly unſuitable, and that perhaps one day her family would be convinced of it. When he came to touch on the fatal cataſtrophe, the melancholy occaſion of our aſſembling together, he proved

that in the alternative of abandoning her father's houſe, or giving her hand to the object of her abhorrence, the diſtraction of her mind rendered her conduct excuſable. At the cloſe of his diſcourſe he grew more animated; tears flowed down his cheeks; he called on his daughter with a plaintive voice; reproached her for having left him, and laying his hand on the coffin, exclaimed, ye have ſeen this daughter of Heaven in her walk on earth, ye have ſeen her hand ſcatter bounties. Which of you ever met a repulſe from her? Which of you ever had occaſion to complain of her? If any one let him ariſe and ſpeak. He affected the audience with this challenge; they replied, none! none! He then continued; have you not all experienced her liberality, old men, women, children, the poor, the infirm, the afflicted? Say, did ſhe not nouriſh, comfort and ſupport you?——Yes! Yes! they cried with one voice.——Then mingle tears with mine; let us join in lamentation; let us conjure the Supreme Goodneſs to forgive theſe victims a momentary error, in conſideration of life dedicated to virtue. So ſaying he proſtrated himſelf, and every body following the example, he began the prayers for the dead; the doleful ceremony was repeated with loud groans; it ſeemed as if each had loſt a ſiſter and brother. When the funeral proceſſion commenced at the tolling of the pariſh bell, a plaintive voice iſſued from the windows of the caſtle; it was Miſs Charlotte's, who intreated to ſee her ſiſter for the laſt time; ſhe ſtretched out her arms toward the corpſe; but was immediately carried to bed again. The two coffins ſurrounded with

with flambeaux; the venerable prieſt who choſe to follow on foot, and hardly dragged himſelf along with his ſtick; ſuch a train in mourning, and the ſobbing crowd, formed a ſcene melancholy beyond deſcription. They arrived in the willow grove at midnight; we eaſily diſcerned them from our windows, by means of the cluſtering lights, which at a diſtance made the wood appear on fire. The bodies were interred in the ſame grave, and the Curate hallowed the ground without regarding the Proctor's cenſure.

This is a faithful account of every thing that has happened here theſe two days; the whole family has put on mourning; but God knows when that of our hearts will have an end!

THE

# POSTHUMOUS CORRESPONDENCE

OF

TERESA AND FALDONI.

## LETTER LXV.

### FALDONI TO THE CURATE.

Saturday Morning.

HOW much have I deceived you! What has it not coſt me to impoſe on the beſt of men! You thought me compoſed; the clouds ſeemed to have left my forehead, while I was meditating thoughts of death. I did not venture to let you know my intention; you would have oppoſed it by ſtrong arguments, and eloquence more powerful than thoſe; you would have imbittered my laſt moments; and I ſhould have diſtreſſed my friend; it was therefore better to part without an adieu. This is the only time I have been able to eſcape your penetration. Now I ceaſe to exiſt, I may ſafely depoſite the ſecret in your boſom; the moment you learn it, I ſhall deſcend to the tomb; if indeed my perſecutors in life will allow a ſtone to cover my head! Should they refuſe it, I rely on your humanity.

humanity. Let me be interred ſafe in ſome forlorn ſolitude, far from the inſult of fanatics, who would trample on my duſt with diſdain; and may I repoſe there by the ſide of my virtuous companion in death, whoſe hand I received from you! Let our bodies be covered with the ſame turf, and protected by the ſame ſhade! This is my will; condeſcend to ſee it executed. I dare not hope that we ſhould lie in one coffin; the hatred of her family to me is too well known; but do not let us be buried aſunder! When the ethereal dew deſcends on us in a fair ſummer's evening, come, my friend, and enjoy the breezes of our aſylum; let your ſolitary thoughts recall the happy hours when we lived under your ſmile. Then let the pious tear ſteal down your cheek, and your holy prayers beg the mercy of Heaven for your children. Alas! our arms cannot then be ſtretched to embrace you; we cannot mingle ſighs with yours; but we ſhall be in company. I have obſerved in my walks a wild ſpot which will ſuit us; it is planted with willows, interſected with ſtreams, and ſurrounded with protecting hills. I have viſited this deſart, as people take a view of the place they are to inhabit; it appeared to me fit for religious meditation; it may perhaps allure the ſentimental to come and ſigh their pains, to weep their lovers, to regret their paſt felicities, and to feed their melancholy with the ſight of our tomb. Perhaps, ſhould pity grant us a ruſtic ſtone, with our affecting ſtory engraved on it, the ſpectators may lament that ſincere love ſhould be ſo unfortunate.

At Noon.

I AM juſt come from reviewing my laſt habitation; I walked there a long while; have choſen the ſpot where I could wiſh to lie; have even dug up the earth with my cane; ſo that the work is half done. At preſent I am calm enough, and willing to reaſon with you. Muſing in the grove, I collected the ſtrongeſt arguments in favour of my deſign; but have forgotten them; my memory fails me; alas! I never read the ſophiſts who have written on Suicide; their volumes are tediouſly verboſe, but do not teach us to die. The writers were inanimate beings, who diſputed coolly on a fit of diſpair; beſides all their philoſophy, as a witty woman expreſſed it, is good for nothing, until we have no occaſion for it. I limit myſelf to the conſideration that God is merciful, and the ſoul immortal. I wiſh for no more. I do not inquire whether I have a right to throw off a burden that galls me; or whether my life being my own, I may diſpoſe of it at pleaſure; of what conſequence are all theſe hackneyed topics the moment I ceaſe to exiſt? But I love to indulge the comfortable belief of immortality; I love to think that there is another world, where the father who inhumanly murders his children, will ſuffer juſt puniſhment; where the meek, timid dove, torn by this vulture, will find a refuge in the boſom of nature's parent, and receive from him the crown of innocence; where two perſecuted lovers will enjoy an aſylum from the barbarous and baſe prejudices of mankind. Oh my friend,

friend, how eaſy it is to reſign life, when we think of eternity! I cannot underſtand what thoſe philoſophers mean, who endeavour to deſtroy the ſweeteſt hope of the unfortunate, preſenting annihilation, as the bounds of their ſufferings.—Cruel ſyſtem, the underminer of all happineſs! He who firſt conceived it, ſhould have ſhuddered with horror; he who firſt publiſhed it ſhould have been puniſhed for blaſphemy. Yet an opinion that flattered the irregularity of the paſſions, that ſapped the foundation of virtue, that repreſented after this life no judge nor puniſhment; I do not wonder ſhould gain proſelytes. Supported by this, the aſſaſſin ſat with indifference on the tomb of the friend he had ſtabbed; ſaying to himſelf, when I die, I die altogether. Supported by this, the vile ſeducer riſing from the arms of the maid whom he had devoted to endleſs grief, braved the horrors of remorſe; and the ſecret criminal who eſcaped the eye of the law, walked abroad without bluſhing. But for the number of men who are intereſted in annihilation, how many are there to whom another life is indiſpenſable? What then is the mad project of thoſe contemptible reaſoners who whiſper in the honeſt, but unfortunate man's ear, you ſee vice triumph, and virtue ſuffer; you conclude from thence that there muſt be a retribution after death; this is an erroneous ſentiment, which vaniſhes on reflection; a prejudice founded in human pride, which imagines the Supreme ſo much concerned for this ſpot of creation, to puniſh or reward the atoms, its inhabitants, for having obeyed or broken the laws of their own inſtitution. Barbarians! pretending

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ing to alleviate our woes, they render them intolerable; they deprive us of our only comfort under all other loſſes. Are not men ſufficiently miſerable, that you muſt aggravate their wretchedneſs by degrading their condition? Where is the equity of the Creator? Where his Providence manifeſt in all his works? The ſoul and body, it ſeems, are but one matter differently modified! There is but one ſubſtance in the univerſe, and my being and that which exiſts a thouſand leagues from me are the ſame! You allow that I think, yet deny me the faculty of thinking! The cauſe of my ideas, you ſay, is the impreſſion objects make on my organs! Infatuated men! away with your madneſs! I examine my thought! compare it with its object; doubt, determine, chooſe; theſe operations can proceed only from a ſimple, unextended being. Can you halve a reflection, divide an act of the judgment or will, conceive under the idea of extent and motion, order, virtue, moral qualities, metaphyſical attributes? If not, it is evident that the faculties of the mind are ſuperior to matter; that the mind is a ſimple principle, acting independently, and that the numerous little bodies, of which you compoſe the ramifications of thought, cannot produce one; for if the motions of your atoms excited thought, the ſame word, for example, would in all countries affect the organs in the ſame manner, and from thence would reſult the ſame idea; yet a word ſignificant in one language, conveys no meaning in another. I farther beg to be informed, by what agent your atoms were ſet in motion? By their object? Then the motion would only ceaſe with

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the impreſſion made, and we could not drop or reſume our thoughts. A ſuppoſition equally repugnant to reaſon.

But why ſhould I labour to deſtroy a chimera? The mind receives at the ſame inſtant different impreſſions; ſeparates, compares, and judges of them; it darts through abſtract, univerſal, and metaphyſical ideas; knows the paſt; foreſees the future; connects remote periods, meaſures diſtances, fathoms infinity, and illuminates the field of truth, with the torch of analyſis. What contrary tides agitate it! It wills, it diſapproves; it praiſes one moment what it blames the next; is now gay, now ſad; paſſes like lightning from fear to hope, from love to hatred, from the calm of tranquillity to the tempeſt of paſſion; it is enchanted with harmony; allured and perſuaded by eloquence; ſeduced by the magic of the arts; inflamed with emulation by the recital of exalted actions; and beauty inſpirited by ſenſibility of. ſoul appears to it the image of the Deity. That thirſt for knowledge and enjoyment, that reſtleſs panting after perfect felicity, that aſtoniſhing union of grandeur and baſeneſs, of weakneſs and ſtrength, of vice and virtue, which compoſe the element of our ſoul, that perpetual war between the ſenſes which chains us to earth, and reaſon that raiſes us above ourſelves, that two-fold being of which we are conſtituted, are ſtriking proofs that lend their dazzling rays, like the ſun in the focus of a glaſs, to convince me that blind dull matter is not the principle of animation.

Thus I eſtabliſh the ſpirituality of my ſoul; and am farther aſſured that a ſpirit is incapable of increaſe, alteration of parts or diſſolution; and thus I have gained ground in the knowledge of its immortality. But here the hand of God draws

draws a veil over nature; here he ſays to me as to the ocean, whoſe billows he has limited by the ſhore, thus far thou ſhalt go, and no farther. But why ſhould I wiſh to exceed the limits of human reaſon? The belief of another life has been received by all nations on earth; every mouth has confeſſed; every worſhip admitted it; antiquity made it the object of her myſteries, ſymbols, and religious feſtivals; the images of Iſis, Ceres and Adonis were only repreſentations of another life, and their ceremonies had a reference to a general reſurrection.

The voice that aſcends from every corner of the univerſe, is that of conſcience; ſhe admoniſhes all men, that being ſtrangers and pilgrims here, they are created for a nobler end and a better habitation; ſhe ſays to the unfortunate, wait and you ſhall be comforted; to the criminal, tremble, for you ſhall die; to the good, your reward is at hand. Divine voice! uncorrupted oracle! How can I not believe you? You have never deceived me. When error ſeduced me, when human weakneſs dragged me toward vice, you thundered within, as my accuſer; I heard your tremendous accents pronounce my ſentence; when I emerged from my abaſement, and was alive once more to the rapture of doing good, you approved my conduct; you rendered me ſelf-ſatisfied; you now tell me, that I am immortal, and I truſt to your evidence.

Did any doubt ariſe in my mind, I would kneel at the throne of the Supreme, and ſay, Father of nature! I know that it is in thy power to deſtroy thy work, and that thou alone art ſuperior to ages. The multitude of tranſitory moments which

which we call time, are but a point to thy duration; the univerſe is loſt in thy immenſity, and the atoms ſcattered like grains of ſand on this heap of clay, are not intitled to the glorious attributes of thy being; yet under the government of a juſt and good God, my ſoul revolts at the idea of annihilation. I have ſeen human inſtitutions deſtroy the harmony of life, change the primitive notions of morality, and by arbitrary laws abrogate thoſe of reaſon; I have ſeen the unfortunate man, bending under a load of miſery, lift his hands to Heaven for that heritage which belongs to all her children, though alienated by the great ones of this world; I have ſeen the triumph of villany and the diſgrace of virtue; if we die altogether, where is the order of thy Providence, and the diſtribution of thy juſtice? Yet, whatever may be my fate, O Sovereign Arbiter of worlds! I preſume not to ſcrutiniſe thy ways, but humble myſelf before thee, and place a confidence in thy decrees, unbounded as their equity. If farther illumination had been neceſſary to perfect my reaſon; ſhould I have become more virtuous by being better informed; thou wouldeſt not have concealed from me the means of my improvement. But in this dawn of being, haſt thou not given me ſufficient light for my conduct? Perhaps it was thy intention to confound the pride of man, by ſurrounding him with myſteries, making even his own nature to him a paradox. Whither has a raſh deſire of knowing himſelf, carried the preſumptuous! What reveries have diſtracted the imaginations of ſophiſts! What precious time have they loſt in the ſearch of chimeras! What a world of good they might have done while they were

were purſuing uſeleſs ſtudies! I ſhut their uncertain volumes, and read the book of nature, from whence I learned the value of thy benefits. I am now returning to Thee, and ſhall not have lived in vain, if I leave any traces of virtue behind me.

O my friend! What pleaſures ruſh on my mind from the conviction of my immortality! With what a triumphant ſmile I view my own importance! Elevated by ſuch ideas, my feet ſcarce touch the ground; I ſeem to have wings; am ready to fly; ſpurn the clod of earth, no longer my country; look on Heaven as my birthright, and pant to quaff thoſe rivers of joy that flow for evermore. Why ſhould they not be mine? The virtuous lover muſt find grace in the eyes of the Preſerver of the univerſe; it is He who ſows the ſeeds of good diſpoſitions in our ſouls, and puniſhes only the abuſe of his benefits. I do not forſake the earth to avoid his countenance, which I never dreaded; but to eſcape from the diſtreſs that overwhelms me; to claim in his preſence the companion, his gift, of which men would deprive me; and why, in thoſe regions of delight, ſhould we not hope to meet again? It would be ſhocking to ſuppoſe that death will break the ties that attached us to our friends; and that objects, now ſo dear, will to us be no more. To diſtinguiſh my miſtreſs in a circle, was it neceſſary for me to ſee her? Did not a ſecret emotion, an involuntary tranſport announce her preſence to me? When I waited for her, had I not an inward preſentiment of her approach? Yes, that heavenly inſtinct, independent of our organs, is an eſſential modification of our ſoul, and we can never loſe it.

it. Yes, I flatter myſelf that the ſame charm which brought two congenial ſouls together in this life, will ſurvive the deſtruction of matter, and preſerve in them the ethereal flame that glided through their veins. I dare expect that in the auſpicious ſmile of the Supreme Benefactor, the noble ſentiments which animated our boſoms in this world may revive, and then, freed from the bondage of the paſſions, they will ſhine in all their native beauty and purity, bright as when firſt their emanations beamed from the boſom of their Eternal Father.

## Nine o'Clock.

What a ſhocking night! The winds howl from every quarter! Darkneſs, rain, hail, and a threatening flood render nature a ſcene of horror. I am returned from my laſt evening's walk. I have been wandering over the heath, and acroſs the ſtreams ſwoln with the torrents from above; I breathed the ſpirit of the ſtorm; lifted my hands and cried, Winds, tempeſt, hurricanes, thunder on me! I have nothing now to loſe. Apparitions ſkimmed acroſs the plain; I diſtinguiſhed the ſhades of Louiſa, Suſanna, and her father; they ſeemed to mount on fiery meteors, and blend their murmurs with the doleful noiſe of the winds. I darted towards thoſe gloomy ghoſts, and longed to diſappear with them in the ſhock of elements. My dog howled at me. Dear faithful companion of all my motions! You will ſoon ſeek your maſter, and not find him. Perhaps friendſhip may bring you to my tomb; you will rake up the earth where

where I ſleep; your tears will trickle, and you will pierce the vallies with your ſhrieks.

The tempeſt increaſes; heaven looks like the troubled ocean. I hear the craſh of ſhattered trees, and a diſmal roar echoed from the mountains. A few ſtars glimmer through the clouds, but quickly diſappear. The pitchy vault of the firmament rolls like a black garment. And does nature aſſume this mourning for the departure of two of her children? Behold the moon, to whom I have ſo often been a votary! Her rays dart on the caſtle of Ormes, that infernal priſon in which groans a heart as broken as my own.———The queen of night now beams on the grove of which I have taken poſſeſſion. I hail thee, ſilent deſert, where I go at length to find repoſe!——At ſight of her a ſingular thought ſtrikes me. I could wiſh, when we have left this earth, that our ſouls might inhabit that dear planet. How charming a place!—How ſweetly ſerene!—It muſt be Elyſium! a world made on purpoſe for lovers! But perhaps I ſhould there find men.——Adieu! fair ſtar, to whom I am indebted for ſo many agreeable walks; you ſhall ſhortly ſilver the turf of my tomb.——I look for the arbour of Juſtina viſited by Tereſa, the bank where ſhe ſat down——— All is loſt in darkneſs——Thus ſhall I be to-morrow; buried in perpetual night! cold! inſenſible!———The world will aſſume a new appearance; empires fall and riſe; years, ages will roll over me, and I ſhall ſtill be there! The nightingales will ſing by my ſide in the evenings of May; the breezy coolneſs of morning will fan my couch; ſpring will renew the willows that ſhade it; even the graſs that covers me will vegetate; but I alone

ſhall

ſhall continue inanimate!---Annihilation! Dreadful thought! The mind is loſt in thy abyſs, and ſhrinks back with horror. To be, and to be no more! To be ingulphed in the paſt! To vaniſh like the ſhadows of the clouds! To be effaced from the memory of mankind like the fugitive ideas of fancy! Well, be it ſo! What evil to exiſt no more on the accurſed earth? I ſhall leave my caſt-off garments with it, as one in a hurry to quit an inconvenient inn, leaves behind ſome worthieſs piece of apparel; but my ſoul will be ſomewhere.------Yes, let us comfort ourſelves, Tereſa; we are going to a better houſe------She waits for me---But, gracious Heaven! ſhould I deceive myſelf! ſhould I drag her to everlaſting woe! If, inſtead of expected happineſs, I ſhould meet with immeaſurable torments! Torments? Cruel men! They belong only to you. Torments! with a God of Clemency! How can one aſſociate things ſo oppoſite? How conceive that the Author, Friend, Comforter of all beings, ſhould afflict two innocent creatures, for not having been able to ſupport their miſery? Ah! if He himſelf was ſeen to ſink beneath the ſufferings of humanity; if he removed from his lips the cup of ſorrow, can weak mortals drain it? Have they not a right to riſe up from the banquet of life, when every thing taſtes bitter? It is true, that could I have formed an agreeable connection for life, I ſhould have prized exiſtence; but the men whom you call my fellow-creatures, have repulſed, lacerated, covered me with ignominy; and you would have me bear with them, to be the outcaſt of the vile herd! No, my friend, no! No more connection with them! We cannot both live

live on the ſame ground; and ſince they walk on it, I muſt depart.

Sunday, ſix in the Morning.

I have juſt awaked from a ſweet refreſhing ſlumber; on ſtarting up, I opened my window to view the ſky; how ſerene! how bright! The ſtorm is compoſed; but my heart continues the ſame! I diſcover the morning ſtar; it will conduct me to an interview, very different from thoſe to which it has ſo often been my guide.——My dog careſſes me——Poor animal! I kiſs him and weep.——Dear friend! take him for a legacy; you will by him remember his maſter.——But the cock begins to crow; the buſy world reſumes its toils——and mine are nearly at an end! Come! Let us prepare the inſtruments of death, which are to convey us to a better world! O God, whom trembling I invoke; unknown, dreadful Power! I proſtrate myſelf before Thee; hear my laſt prayer! I am not a profligate; my hands are not ſtained with crimes; yet, being about to appear in thy preſence, I tremble! Wert thou a God of vengeance, as thoſe impoſtors have painted thee; could thy puniſhments await a wretch who abandons life, a ſtranger to happineſs? Ready to plunge into the awful gulph of eternity, I implore thy aſſiſtance; not for my own ſake, but that of a tender and virtuous companion, whoſe only fault is the having loved me. Do not chaſtize her for her affection; but if it be a crime to have anticipated the moment of appearing before thy throne, let thy vengeance be levelled at me!——The hour ſtrikes—This is a tedious delay!—Let me preſs thee

thee to my heart, dear precious ribbon, once the ornament of her pure, virgin boſom! Adored pledge of eſteem, which I have a thouſand times preſſed to my lips; you ſhall accompany me to the tomb.—Adieu! generous friend!—Adieu! my protector! I bear with me gratitude for your favours; you are the only perſon I regret leaving behind. Adieu, dear cottage, where I have ſpent ſuch delightful days! Adieu, ye fields, made beautiful by Tereſa's preſence! Adieu, heaven and earth! Groves where I uſed to meditate! Thou lovely valley, and river, whoſe banks have ſo often received me! Adieu—your friend muſt never behold you more!

*Note of the* FRENCH EDITOR.

It was my deſign to have refuted the ſtrange notions conveyed in this epiſtle; for the crime of Suicide is ſo odious, that the ſhadow of its vindication muſt ſhock all ſound heads and good hearts: but on maturer reflection, I diſcovered ſuch folly and abſurdity in the arguments of Faldoni, that I was aſhamed of giving them an anſwer. He is evidently a man at a loſs, his head is giddy, and his diſcourſe wants connection. Beſides the wretch is an object of pity. Could he reaſon deliberately on ſuch an action, he would be a monſter, undeſerving the affection of the indiſcreet girl who ſo quickly paſſes from the ſtrains of tender devotion to the extravagances of a guilty delirium; a wonderful contraſt! but conſiſtent with the nature of the paſſions. We are intereſted for the parties, becauſe they are both ſincere; they ſee nothing in the world but themſelves;

ſelves; and reject a life in which they have no proſpect of being united, for one where they hope never to part.

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## LETTER XLVI.

### TERESA TO HER FATHER.

SIR,

I AM going to addreſs you in a ſtyle, which perhaps no daughter ever uſed to a father before; but I am not bound by vulgar rules, as my misfortune is without precedent. I write to you from the borders of the grave; when you peruſe this letter, Tereſa will have reſumed her liberty; no longer your daughter, ſhe will be——nothing. Relentleſs man!——Forgive this tranſport, Sir! I ſtill recollect that you were once my father, and conjure you to lend me an ear. To my ſorrow, you never loved me; yet on reviewing my paſt life, I cannot gueſs the motive for your hatred to a child whoſe love centered in you, and who piouſly uſed her beſt endeavours to deſerve your affection. How harſhly you baniſhed me from your preſence! Rarely had my eyes the pleaſure of viewing you, and the days of my eſcape from the convent were to me gracious feſtivals. Yet your ſternneſs was ſtill too apparent in thoſe ſoft intercourſes, when I came with the filial tribute of my fondneſs and earneſt deſire to pleaſe. My careſſes

ſeemed

ſeemed troubleſome to you, and I left your arms with tears of anguiſh; while other daughters retire from a father's boſom with emotions of reverence, and tears of extaſy. It may be that prepoſſeſſed with the idea of your averſion, I felt the coldneſs of this reception more ſenſibly; for it wounded me to the very ſoul. When I forſook the cloiſter where you had confined me from my childhood, and I anticipated the tranſport of living in ſight of my parents, your ſeverity toward me redoubled; you no longer favoured me with your converſation, ſeldom looked at me; and when you did, there was not that kindneſs in your looks congenial with my wiſhes. My brother engroſſed your attention; in him centered your affections, your daily diſcourſe, your ſchemes, your cares, your undertakings; though abſent, his influence prevailed, and I was forgotten. Heaven, witneſs! that I never envied the preference you ſhewed my brother. Alas! my unambitious heart would leap through the day, if you condeſcended to beſtow on me a milder look than uſual. Happy to hear a word from your lips, to ſee a ſmile on your brow, I exulted in my felicity. Ah! Sir, could you but know, how you would have brightened my life by the leaſt indulgence; how little it would have coſt you to have been beloved, nay more, to have been adored by your daughter! I was forward to meet that tenderneſs, which never bleſſed me, though all my endeavours were employed to win it. Had you demanded my life, I had laid it down as readily as I quit it now. Nay, when you condeſcended to beg that I would not fruſtrate a father's wiſh, I felt for the firſt time the happineſs of having one; an additional

endearment had moulded me to your purpoſe; poor Tereſa had ſubmitted herſelf the victim of parental authority, and ſet the ſeal to her everlaſting miſery. Why then, by your hoſtilities, drive me to the verge of deſpair? Why rack a wretch who reſiſts only by tears and ſupplications? How have I provoked your vengeance? Or was I criminal for not entering into the engagement to which you would have compelled me? Ah! Sir, what reaſon have you for ſelf-reproach! Perhaps one day you may diſcover the wretched huſband of whom you had made choice for your daughter. When you become acquainted with the infamy of his character, you will too late repent of your cruelty. I ſhall not ſtain my paper by diſplaying all the inſtances of his turpitude; becauſe you would not believe them, and that it is indifferent to me whether they are ever diſcloſed to you. But I truſt to time for my vindication; and then will not the reflection of having curſed me drive you to deſpair? Heavens! how could you pronounce that tremendous malediction without ſhuddering with horror? Inhuman father! behold the fruits of it. Your daughter is loſt both in this life and the other. Madneſs ſeizes me; I die; I ruſh into an abyſs of woes; but none can equal thoſe of your impoſing from which I would eſcape. Adieu! Sir; if poſſible, live free from the anguiſh of remorſe. Yet when you reflect that you had once a daughter, will your heart ſuffer no perturbation? You have one ſtill remaining, and to her I intreat you at leaſt to prove your humanity, if not your affection. On my knees I conjure you do not deſtroy her; do not drive all your family to the tomb. Conſider that

grief

grief cut ſhort the life of my mother. At that dear name my wounds bleed anew; I call to mind her cares, her kindneſs, her conſtant friendſhip; ſhe alleviated the hardſhip of my fate in not being beloved by a father. How often have I poured into her boſom the bitter tears which you occaſioned! Mingling her own with them, ſhe adminiſtered conſolation for your ſeverity. Recollect the day, Sir, when you ſo far forgot the parent as to lift your hand againſt an innocent child; ſhe ſaw me faint at your feet; and never could baniſh the tragic ſcene from her imagination. Alas! were ſhe ſtill living, how could I reſolve to quit the vital day! But ſhe breathes no more; and I haſte to join her. For you, Sir, I do not wiſh to ſee you again. Your hatred to me has been ſo rooted; and you have wounded me with ſuch injuries, that the ſight of me muſt give you pain. But if your heart is capable of change, if in another world you reſume the ſentiments of a father, what a felicity! with what ardour ſhall I ſpring to your arms, and claim the arrears due to the years of my affection, which you have never noticed! Condeſcend to love me, and all is forgotten. Should it ſoften you, I ſhall glory in my death. Think that I was your child, and allow me ſtill to call you my father. It is the laſt time that ſo tender a word will iſſue from my lips. As you peruſe this letter in which the receſſes of my ſoul are expoſed to you, Oh! bathe it with the tears of love and concern. Hear this laſt petition, my father; I aſk but your tears, and die content.

## LETTER LXVII.

### TERESA TO CONSTANTIA.

WE muſt part, my dear Conſtantia; yes, we muſt part for ever! I am going into an undiſcovered country; indeed I know not whither I am going; nor does it concern me. I ſhall be out of the reach of my perſecutors, which is all I wiſh for. You may well imagine that I do not go alone; it is true, that another accompanies me; it is alſo true, that life or death, without him, are to me indifferent. Yet do not conclude that therefore you are leſs dear to me. Amiable Conſtantia! My affectionate and faithful friend! How do I regret thy loſs! What tears have I ſhed in reſolving on this ſeparation! But my ſufferings have been ſo accumulated! I was ſo weary of living! It was indiſpenſable to end theſe horrors. Could you have believed that the delicate, the timid Tereſa would have been rendered thus daring from deſpair? No doubt you will be ſhocked to learn it, and the circumſtances of my death muſt aggravate your affliction. I foreſee the poignancy of your diſtreſs; we were ſo intimately united in eſteem. But in the ordinary train of events, muſt we not one day have parted? The longer we had lived, the more cloſely our hearts would have cleaved together; and the more painfully ſhould we have taken our final adieu. Be comforted,

forted, my ſweet friend, I will not forget thee. My ſoul ſhall attend on thee as thy guardian ſpirit, and turn the point of every danger. In the peaceful reign of night I will often preſent myſelf to thy view, and gild thy ſlumbers with images of our paſt endearments. How can I ceaſe to love thee, I who have lived in thy heart, who have wept at thy tears, who have rejoiced with thy joy, who have made thee the partner of all my ſentiments? I could have wiſhed that you might have cloſed my eyes, and have received the laſt ſigh of my expiring breath; I could have wiſhed to have been laid in the earth at the feet of my mother. But I was not born to that happineſs; I muſt die agreeably to the tenor of my life in anguiſh and deſertion. Heaven bleſs my deareſt Conſtantia, and ſhower down its choiceſt influences on her favoured head! This is the only prayer I have to make, and am ſure of its being anſwered. Providence muſt occaſionally, in its own vindication, beſtow a reward on virtue. Dry your tears, ſiſter of my heart, life is not of ſuch value, that we ſhould mourn for thoſe who leave it. How muſt I have dragged my days in the world, the victim of a paſſion which I could neither indulge, nor ſubdue, condemned to the arms of the moſt odious of mankind, and ever ſtruggling with the averſion inſpired by his ſight? Perhaps I ſhould have lingered for two or three years in torture, and ſunk at laſt under my diſguſt. Is it not much better to die now? If I dared to raiſe my voice to the Creator, if the clay had a right to murmur in the hands of the potter, I might aſk God why he had mingled for me ſo bitter a potion? Why from the moment that my

eyes beheld the light they guſhed with tears, and have till this day ſupplied an unceaſing ſtream? Did I deſerve ſo unequal a ſhare in the diſtribution of good and evil? Was I peculiarly formed to be miſerable? Human affairs muſt be in the diſpoſal of deſtiny! I was indebted to Heaven for ſome beauty; education had embelliſhed it with elegant accompliſhments and uſeful knowledge; fortune had left me nothing to wiſh for; and you ſee the reſult of all theſe advantages! My days have been waſted in tears; and I conclude with throwing from me this inſupportable load of life. ——Farewell! my friend, lamentation has no place, when we are going to be releaſed from ſufferings. Preſerve with religious care all the pledges of my eſteem; regard them as monuments of the moſt perfect friendſhip. Cheriſh my memory; frequently peruſe my letters; the tears which they will occaſion you to ſhed will not ſtream without a ſecret pleaſure. Honour me ſometimes with the mention of my name in your converſations; I flatter myſelf that you will never ſpeak of your departed friend without a tender emotion. Tell your mother that I adore her equally with my own; conjure her not to baniſh me from her boſom. Should calumny attack my fame; be ye my protectreſſes; lift up your voices in my defence; relate the pains which I have endured, and the ſacrifices I have offered; explain without reſerve what my pride would never ſuffer me to reveal; paint the man who to me was more dreadful than the tomb; publiſh his life, to vindicate my death. Let it be known that he took refuge in the Indies, to avoid that puniſhment which awaited his crimes in France; that having married

ried in thoſe diſtant climates a Creole with a conſiderable fortune, he killed her by the moſt barbarous uſage; that having had two daughters by her, he baniſhed them to a convent to ſecure his eſtate to a child, born in his wife's life-time of an illegitimate connection: let it be known that his ſiſters are pining in poverty, and that he refuſes to ſee them; that his father died in an hoſpital without the pious ſon's deigning to inquire what became of him; that he continues to live with the wretch whom he has obliged to follow him; and to whom he would have made me a ſlave—— I can no more, my pen refuſes to trace the long catalogue of his infamies. You may aſk me, dear friend, why I did not acquaint my father with theſe circumſtances? I thought that the monſter would not be obtruded on me after my perſeverance in refuſing his hand; and when violent meaſures were adopted, I reſolved on everlaſting ſilence, influenced as much by pride as prudence. For perhaps my remonſtrances would not have been heard; perhaps my diſcoveries would have been treated as impoſitions; I muſt have named my authors; and Heaven itſelf would not have been credited by the tyrants who had vowed my deſtruction. What could I do in ſuch an extremity? Should I have had recourſe to the clandeſtine aid of flight, and thus expoſe myſelf to public cenſure? I could have eſcaped; the means were offered me; and to embrace them ſeemed the dictate of reaſon. What an allurement was held out to ſeduce me! Ah! Conſtantia, they gave me to hope that I might be united to the brother of my heart. Mr. de Themine invited me to that delightful ſpot, the idea of

which ſtill charms my imagination. There he promiſed me an aſylum; and there was but a ſtep between me and happineſs. But on the other hand, conſider how eaſy it was for an enraged family by its influence to bury in a dungeon an unfortunate ſtranger, who had no connections, and whom no one would claim, ſhould he thus ſuddenly have diſappeared. Shall I diſcloſe every thing to you? The warmth of his attachment for me, which he could not ſuppreſs in the preſence of my brother, brought a quarrel on him in which his blood had like to have paid for it; wearied out with ſuch a train of perſecutions, he wiſhed for relief in death. How could I ſuffer him to go alone? I for whom he had juſt expoſed his life; I who ſhould have died with grief the moment that he expired? It is therefore certain, my dear couſin, that our ſouls are transformed by the paſſions, aud that thoſe who have a real love for virtue, may notwithſtanding become the victims of guilt——of guilt! did I ſay? And am I then criminal?——Adieu! my faithful friend, intreat the Divine Clemency to pardon my weakneſs. It is to return to my father that I go; I ſhall ſee him; I ſhall relate my ſufferings to him, and he will pity me. It is known to him, that before that fatal moment, virtue was ever dear to me, and that my life has not been waſted without the performance of ſome good works. The error of a day cannot obliterate with him eighteen years of innocence: I dare aver that my heart is pure, notwithſtanding this treacherous paſſion; neither am I afraid to render an account of my actions at his awful tribunal. A week ſince I was as ſelf-ſatisfied as ever in my life. Notwithſtanding

withſtanding my injuries, I would not have bartered my peace of conſcience for the treaſures of kings. What a ſurpriſing revolution has happened to me! Into what a dreadful abyſs has fallen the angel of light! Ah! my Conſtantia, beware of the ſeductions of pride. The conſciouſneſs of our virtue only promotes our deſtruction, and our vain preſumption is puniſhed by the ſudden diſſipation of hope. Remember, my deareſt friend, that the piety which defended me like an invulnerable Egis, the pureſt principles of a rigid education, the pride that made me deſpiſe the very ſhadow of a weakneſs, all, all have proved inſufficient to ſave me. I am much indebted to Mr. ———, the Curate; his converſation has preſerved in my mind the ſmall remains of reaſon which enlighten it; I am too ſenſible how greatly I ſhall afflict the excellent paſtor; I ought to write to him; but what can I ſay? How pen my juſtification? To you, my dear couſin, I recommend him for comfort; let him ſee this letter; aſſure him that even in death I retain the moſt affectionate reſpect for him, and the moſt grateful remembrance of all his friendſhips.

## *The* ENGLISH EDITOR'S *Note.*

IT is to be hoped, for the honour of human nature, that few fathers are to be found ſo inattentive to the real intereſt of their children, as to prefer in the matrimonial union the glitter of wealth, to the more eſſential requiſites of perſonal merit and inſtinctive attractions. For imprudent affection in their offspring, they ſhould indulgently recollect the ingenuous period of youth and inexperience, when the heart is exquiſitely ſuſceptible, the imagination vivid, and the paſſions glowing. At the ſame time it may be preſumed, that the wiſh of the parent will commonly influence the choice of the child, except as in the inſtance of Tereſa, where death itſelf muſt be preferable to an hymeneal connection that menaces a living interment. In ſuch an alternative to embrace the former, though a conduct which cannot be recommended by the colours of our hero's panegyric, muſt at leaſt be allowed to prove the genuine wretchedneſs, if not conſequent inſanity, of the pitiable victim; and ſting with everlaſting remorſe the unnatural boſom of its tyrannic author.—How many, who have ſacrificed the partiality of their feelings to the conſiderations of filial duty, drag out their miſerable days, like the Roman criminals of old, with a noiſome carcaſe attached to them; or like the unhappy objects of public juſtice in Turkey and other countries at preſent, carry the engines of their own torture with them wherever they wander!

The

The exit of the two principal actors in these volumes, however dismal or reprehensible, is by no means feigned; as appears from the public prints of August, 1780; and all, under whatever circumstances, who like them have rushed into the unknown world before they were called, have complained that life was an intolerable load. What a lesson ought this to be to every individual, not to drive by any oppression a fellow-creature to the verge of despair, nor to hurl him down a precipice from which he can never arise! But the following pieces, which I have taken the liberty to annex, will speak more forcibly to the heart on this point, than volumes of my own writing.

*Original Letters of Captain* Von Arenſwald, *who killed himſelf the* 29*th of* September 1781; *with an Account of the Manner of his Death and Remarks, in* German. *From Dr.* Maty's Literary Review, *for* September, 1783.

AS there is ſomething affecting and curious in this unfortunate young man's caſe, I could not abſtain, though but little acquainted with the language in which it is written, from the temptation of making an extract from it.

" Captain Von Arenſwald was Captain of the life-guards to the Duke of * * * All who knew him are full of his praiſes, and join in giving him the character of a good, upright, and humane man. He had more underſtanding and reading than commonly fall to the ſhare of gentlemen of his profeſſion. His notions of honour were rather overſtrained, but in his ordinary converſation, he was uncommonly lively and pleaſant, and only within a ſhort time of his death diſcovered a melancholy that had never been obſerved in him before. To all theſe external accompliſhments, he added the recommendation of a good perſon, without being an Adonis. He had, however, the misfortune, and a great misfortune it proved to him, not to be a Chriſtian; but the rectitude of his life and the ſimplicity of his manners, ſhamed many of thoſe who profeſſed themſelves to be ſuch. In his regiment he was adored, and was conſidered as the father of his men.

" His ideas of friendſhip were carried to a degree of enthuſiaſm ſcarce ever heard of, and to them he owed his ruin. There happened to come

come to the town where he reſided, a young man who was the Alcibiades of his time. The beauty of this young man's perſon, the livelineſs of his wit, and his univerſal knowledge, ſoon gained him admittance into the beſt company in town; and all the young men were proud to be known to him, and to imitate his carriage.—With him and ſome of their common friends, Von Arenſwald ſoon entered into what they called a *friendly* ſociety; this order uſed to have regular meetings, in which they debated upon every topic, read free-thinking books, and ſometimes only eat and drank. The private ſtatutes of the order, which was ſomething like a more ſelect and refined ſpecies of free-maſonry, I never could get at; but I know their peculiar tenet was a community of goods. To this Von Arenſwald owed his ruin, for the ſtranger, who had made a great figure, and paſſed himſelf for a man of fortune, having contracted conſiderable debts, the other looked upon it as his duty to be bound for him. The ſtranger never paid, and in conſequence of the ſums he was forced to take up from uſurers, Von Arenſwald ſaw his ruin coming on. It was then that a growing diſlike to his profeſſion, a *tædium vitæ* brought on perhaps in ſome degree by bodily infirmity, made him form the reſolution of putting an end to his exiſtence. But he kept it for ſeveral years in his breaſt, and none of his friends ſuſpected it till it had taken effect.

"On Michaelmas day of laſt year, which was the day of his death, he went to court, and converſed upon indifferent topics with his uſual cheerfulneſs, and in the evening returned with a couple

a couple of his friends to Bloſswitz. He amuſed them with various topics, which, as uſual, were alternatively grave and gay; but at this time the former ſeemed to have the lead. Arenſwald laid himſelf down upon the graſs, looked at the ſky with a ſteady countenance, and at laſt broke out into theſe expreſſions: "How ſoon may a "man be in a better world! perhaps I may know "before morning by experience, what it is to be "an inhabitant of heaven!" His friends were then alarmed, and aſked what he meant by it. "Nothing," ſays he, "but that no man can be "ſure of his life a moment." When they were come to town, and had ſeparated, one of them, from a miſgiving that Arenſwald might have ſome bad deſign, ſent his ſervant to him; but the man returning, and ſaying that he had found him at his deſk writing, quieted his fears. Upon Arenſwald's ſervant (the trueſt and truſtieſt that maſter ever had) coming to undreſs him, he told him to go to bed, for that he had writing to do, and would undreſs himſelf. The next morning, on coming in to awake him, the man did not find him in bed. In the greateſt firight he ran to the alcove, where he had left him writing the night before, and found him ſitting dead in the arm-chair, in the uniform in which he had gone to court the day before, The piſtols were lying at his feet. They had been loaded only with powder, and nobody had heard any report, ſo that, like La-Chapelle, a few years before, he was ſtifled with the vapour of the powder. On the table were ſeveral letters ſealed, and an open billet for his ſervant, with a guinea in it. In the billet he thanks the ſervant in the ſtrongeſt terms for his

ſervices,

ſervices, beſeeches him not to take his death too much to heart, and bids him carry the letters to their directions.

" The honourable ſervant, out of himſelf with afright, thought nothing of the gold before him, but inſtantaneouſly ran to the Auditor, to tell him of the news. The Judge Advocate immediately took poſſeſſion of the effects, and ſent the letters to the perſons to whom they were directed. As to the body, it was not ſent to be anatomized, as its inhabitant had conjectured it would, but ſecretly buried in the church-yard. While the ſervant was going to the Auditor's, the company which Arenſwald commanded had drawn up as uſual around their commanding officer's lodging. The conſternation of theſe brave men, when they heard the tragical fate of their fatherly leader, is not to be deſcribed. Man never heard ſuch a hoſt of armed men at once in tears before. They all wept like children. For a long time they inſiſted on having the liberty to bury him with military honours; but this was impoſſible on account of the publicity of the ſelf-murder. Only the carpenter of the regiment obtained permiſſion to make him a coffin. Such was the end of a man poſſeſſed of the fineſt qualities of the heart and head, and in the prime of his life. He was lamented by every body as one who deſerved a better fate. Here follow ſome of his letters, of the authenticity of which I can have no doubt, as the ſeveral copies I have ſeen of them all agree. They are all nearly on the ſame ſubject, except that to the young man for whom he had been ſecurity; but of this I ſhall only give the ſenſe. " After blaming him, without uſing any reproachful words,

words, but in the ſtrongeſt terms, as the ungrateful ſource of his misfortunes; he acquaints him with the ſtep which he finds himſelf at length compelled to take to break through them. He forgives him intirely the wrong he has done himſelf; but toward the end conjures him to pay his poor ſervant, who had loſt his wages through this ſecurity!" Whether this ungrateful man did kill himſelf after the receipt of this letter, as I have been aſſured he did, I have not been able to aſcertain.

"That Von Arenſwald wiſhed for nothing ſo much as that the manner of his death ſhould be concealed from his mother, an old woman of eighty, is evident from the following letter which he ſent to an officer in the ſame regiment, with whom he does not appear to have been very intimate before."

## NUMBER I.

"As never, during the whole courſe of my life, did I make to Edward Hockwolgeb a requeſt which he did not comply with, ſo I truſt he will comply with this, which will not reach him till I am no more—my wiſh is briefly this, that he will take care the manner of my death reach not my worthy, and ſoon eighty-years-of-aged mother. Write to her, I beſeech thee, that I died after two or three weeks ſickneſs, in the courſe of which I had all the cuſtomary aſſiſtances of religion. My only concern has been to live the life of an upright man, but having been precipitated into a ſeries of misfortunes, which indeed I brought not upon myſelf, but out of which no thought has been able to extricate me, death appears

pears to me far preferable to ſuch a life. Moſt ſincerely do I wiſh, Edward Hockwolgeb, that, when you are as near death as I am, you may be able to look back as calmly upon your paſt actions as I do upon mine.

" Von Arenſwald."

## NUMBER II.

" To the Miniſter of ———.

" Your profeſſion obliges you to blame me, but your good heart will love me even in death. You know how dearly I loved you, and how much it was the wiſh of my ſoul to be good, honeſt, and upright. God looks to the will and deſign of the heart, more than to the performance. I thank you once again for the happy days I lately ſpent with you. I have had few that reſembled them in the laſt years of my life. I was pleaſed from the bottom of my ſoul, notwithſtanding that the laſt hour of my life was already fixed.

" From this time I am to live only five days. I have thought long and well upon it, and have found that man muſt go out of all his ſorrows by this door—Nor is there much difference—it is as if *you* went over the Elbe by Kelgenbrode, and *I* on this ſide over Geberter: in Meiſſen we ſhould meet—yes, we *ſhall* meet—In the mean time may you live happily here. The world ſeems to pleaſe you: may it pleaſe you till your end! I could not die quietly before I had given you this evidence of my ſincere love and friendſhip. Fare you well."

NUMBER

## NUMBER III.

" To the Captain of the ———.

" Friend of my ſoul,

" Une ſeule demarche hazardée m'a miſe à la merci de tout le monde." Eugen. Act III. Sc. II. If ever there was foundation for uttering this ſentence, I have experienced the cruel truth of it. Eight years ago I took one irrevocable ſtep; and all that has followed ſince, I mean ſince the inſtant I took upon me ———'s debts, were conſequences that did not depend upon me, even till the preſent day of my death. Yes, my good friend, when you read theſe lines, my ſoul will be far diſtant from this body. Look not upon me with contempt for my manner of quitting the world. Did you but know all that I have ſuffered, you would pity me. I now find myſelf in a maze, out of whoſe windings there is no other out-let. The ſtep I am about to take is not a haſty one; it has long been in my head, and all has been tried to avoid it. Even now there is no haſty deſpair. For theſe four weeks paſt has the laſt day of this month been fixed upon for the time of my departure, yet always with the ſteady deſign to find, if it were poſſible, ſome other conſummation. As none has been found, I muſt embrace this, the only one left me. If I am ſo copious in explaining the reaſons of my conduct, it is only to convince you that if I have not done right, it is merely from want of power, ſince, if I could have found a better way, I would.

" I prize your friendſhip to the day of my death, and even beyond. Believe not the cries which you will hear raiſed about me from all quarters.

quarters. Thoſe who have been the foremoſt in my ruin, and have long ſince made their money again by the intereſt they have received, will be the loudeſt in their cries. And yet it is a cruel conſideration to me that *any* man will loſe *any* thing by me. Yet, good God; I have not been able to do otherwiſe, I have done all in my power; but nothing would ſerve but I muſt *become the ſtone torn from the roof by the wind, to wound every paſſenger that paſſed by.*

" What rejoices me moſt is that you will have my Company; it is ſome ſatisfaction to me that my men will fall to you. They are right picked, true and good men. That however the poſſeſſion of a Company ſhould be able to make you happy, is a thing I more wiſh for than hope. I lament from my heart that I leave you behind in a world where honeſty is ſo far from being an advantage to any man, (I mean honeſty in the true ſenſe of the word, not in that we hear it talked of all day long) that it does him harm. What pains me the moſt at my death is my worthy Handel *(the name of his man)* who will loſe by me. I beſeech you by all your friendſhip take him to yourſelf, for he is intirely deſerving. I am like Socrates, who recommended his children to his friends. Had I any thing I would bequeath it, but I have only my ring which I have worn eight years on my finger without taking it off; wear it, and may you fulfil the motto *Souvenez vous de moi*; I have loved no man more, or with a love more founded on eſteem than I have done you. It is a great ſatisfaction to me, once and once more do I repeat it, it is a great ſatisfaction to me that my Company falls to you, for all my men are good, and it rejoices

joices me that they are in good hands. When you ſee Lehman, greet him from me, and tell him that I hope, when he gets me under his anatomical knife, he may ſtrike out ſomething from me that may be uſeful to mankind. Uſeleſs as I have been to every body, ah, woe is me! in my life, it is ſome comfort to me to think I may be of uſe after death.

" The hour of my departure draws near, my mind is calm. Think often on him who, to the laſt moment of his life, was your

' Von Arenſwald."

He likewiſe wrote (continues the editor) a very ſenſible letter to a young unmarried woman; but of this I have ſeen ſo incorrect a copy, that I ſhall only attempt a ſummary of the contents. After taking an affectionate farewell of her, he gives her the beſt and wiſeſt advice how to gain and preſerve the love of her future huſband; he then enters into a detail on the education of children, and the love and reverence they ought to be taught to have for their elders; on all which, as well as upon all the weightieſt concerns of life, he ſays things that would do honour to the head and heart of a Beaumont. In all this part he goes deeply into the character of the perſon he is writing to, diſtinguiſhes her faults and virtues, and praiſes, blames, warns, intreats, and conjures, like a dying friend.—It is impoſſible for any man who reads this letter to keep from love and admiration of the unfortunate young man who wrote it.

## NUMBER IV.

" Friend,

" This ſatisfaction alſo muſt I afford myſelf once more,—to converſe with thee before I die. Yes, friend of my heart, when this ſhall come to your hands, it will be all over with me. But what ſhall I be?—A weighty enquiry, which I cannot reſolve, but about the ſolution of which I am not ſolicitous. Juſtice upon the whole, there muſt be, but on this wretched clod it is not to be found.—Man too may, I hope, reach a higher rank.—The ſtep I take is not a haſty one, it has been thought of for ſome years, and was as good as determined on in the pleaſurable days we ſpent together, rejoicing at your good fortune. For ſome weeks paſt the day has been fixed—Heaven knows with what anxiety I have ſought to avoid the cruel alternative, but in vain.—For as long as I can remember, it has been my endeavour to act uprightly. Fatal will it be if a ſingle action ſhould make me unworthy of your eſteem. Good night, friend of my heart. I ſhall ſleep only four times more in this world. Hereafter it is probable we ſhall not ſleep.

" 25th Sept. 1781."

## NUMBER V.

" Friend,

" The hour is approaching.—Believe that there are many moments in which I wait impatiently for the winding up; but I have fixed on Saturday, and will not ſhorten any part of the appointed time. If quietneſs at the laſt moment is a proof of

of the rectitude of any ſyſtem, then mine is a good one.

" No thought oppreſſes me but that of leaving creditors behind me.

" Will our ideas ſo grow together as we think?——

" The more knowledge a man has, the better he muſt be.—That does not follow. Knowledge and virtue may meet, and they often do; but they are not connected and linked together, like cauſe and effect, ſo that the ſubſtratum of the one muſt be the ſubſtratum of the other. Experience is loud againſt it, it depoſes to the truth of the verſe, *Video meliora proboque, deteriora ſequor.*

" Adorable Being! Eternal verity, uprightneſs and good! I honour thee, now in duſt, and thank thee, according to my power, for the proſpect.

" The friendſhip of our youth, the moſt elevated of our perceptions, will it alſo revive again? Will it improve with our faculties? O friend, how unſpeakably will I love thee then, I who ſo heartily have loved thee here!

" I truſt I need not recommend to thee my *Handel.* He was more my friend than my ſervant.

" The hour draws near; the piſtols are loaded, and eleven letters ſealed—this is ready—and thus ends the life here—I hope for a better, and am, in the laſt inſtant of my life, intirely your friend,

" V. Arenſwald.

" 29 Sept. half after eleven at night."

NUMBER

## NUMBER VI.

" My dear Sir,

" Of all my young friends you were he I loved moſt, with whom I had the greateſt ſympathy, nor can I go out of the world without leaving you a ſmall memorial of my friendſhip. When this reaches you, you will receive, at the ſame time, the news of my death.

" You know that I never took weighty ſteps without thinking of them, and that my heart was good and upright. Blame me not, therefore, for precipitation or deſpair. I have thought on it long and deeply, and prefer death to ſcorn and contempt. I was a true friend; be one to me when I am gone, and think of me when the world has long forgotten me. We ſhall meet again; after you have ſhed ſome tears of ſenſibility over my grave, forget not that too inordinate benevolence, and too little diſcrimination between the vices and virtues of thoſe who have abuſed my friendſhip, have been the cauſes of my death. Be upon your guard againſt your own heart, and beware of thoſe men who have friendſhip on the tongue, but feel none.—Adieu, my worthy friend, thine ever."

The editor makes theſe pious and rational reflections on this cataſtrophe.

" Had Admiral R———y, who had more debts than Von Arenſwald, put an end to his life, he would not have beat the Spaniſh fleet, he would not have taken St. Euſtatia, he would not have paid his debts. This is unanſwerable; but, as Rouſſeau has well obſerved in his fine letter on

ſelf-murder, it is the ſame caſe with every man almoſt who kills himſelf. Notwithſtanding ſome appearances to the contrary, and ſome real virtues, Von Arenſwald, and whoever puts an end to his exiſtence, when he has a ſingle tradeſman to pay, obligations to friends or country to diſcharge, a wife to ſupport, or children to protect from the reproach which always hangs to thoſe who belong to a ſelf-murderer, is fooliſh and cowardly: becauſe he ſkulks from obligations we are all bound by; and thinks not of the revolutions * which have ſo often raiſed the loweſt.—Of the revolutions which the man who poſſeſſes himſelf, though he has loſt all, may experience.—As to the few caſes which may not come within this deſcription, that for inſtance, if ſuch a man can exiſt, of a man given over by all his phyſicians, torn by an excruciating diſorder, and eating the ſubſtance of a family who want it, it is certain that Chriſtianity only can reſtrain a man under ſuch circumſtances, but then Chriſtianity will do it; and the great idea that we are ſuſtaining painful parts in a drama, where all things work together for good, and that we ſhall not loſe our reward, will ſupport the man who truſts to it even in ſuch a ſtate."

* Multa dies variuſque labor mutabilis ævi
Rettulit in melius, multos alterna reviſens
Luſit, et in ſolido rurſus fortuna locavit.

## *Sir* TREVISAN'S *Adventure with* DESPAIR.

### *From* SPENCER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

### BOOK I. CANTO I.

### STANZA 27.

I Lately chaunc'd (would I had never chaunc'd)
With a fair knight to keepen company,
Sir Terwin hight, that well himſelf advaunc'd
In all affairs, and was both bold and free,
But not ſo happy as mote happy be:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a lady gent,
That him again lov'd in the leaſt degree;
For ſhe was proud, and of too high intent,
And joy'd to ſee her lover languiſh and lament.

28.

From whom returning ſad and comfortleſs,
As on the way together we did fair,
We met that villain (God from him me bleſs)
That curſed wight, from whom I 'ſcaped whylear,
A man of hell, that calls himſelf Deſpair;
Who firſt us greets, and after fair areeds
Of tidings ſtrange, and of adventures rare:
So creeping cloſe, as ſnake in hidden weeds,
Inquireth of our ſtates, and of our knightly deeds.

29.

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble hearts
Emboſs'd with bale, and bitter biting grief,
Which love had launced with his deadly darts,
With wounding words and terms of foul repriefe,

That

That earſt us held in love of lingring life;
Then hopeleſs, heartleſs, 'gan the cunning thief
Perſuade us die, to ſtint all further ſtrife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a ruſty knife.

30.

With which ſad inſtruments of haſty death,
That woful lover, loathing longer light,
A wide way made to let forth living breath.
But I more fearful, or more lucky wight,
Diſmay'd with that deformed diſmal ſight,
Fled faſt away, half dead with dying fear;
Ne yet aſſur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
Whoſe like infirmity like chaunce may bear:
But God you never let his charmed ſpeeches hear.

31.

How many a man (ſaid he) with idle ſpeech
Be won, to ſpoil the caſtle of his health?
I wote (quoth he) who trial late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth:
His ſubtle tongue, like dropping honey, melt'h
Into the heart, and ſearcheth every vein,
That ere one be aware, by ſecret ſtealth
His power is reft, and weakneſs doth remain.
O! never, Sir, deſire to try his guileful train.

32.

Certes (ſaid he) hence ſhall I never reſt,
Till I that treachour's art have heard and try'd;
And you, Sir knight, whoſe name mote I requeſt,
Of grace do me unto his cabin guide,
I that hight Treviſan, (quoth he) will ride
(Againſt my liking) back, to do you grace:
But not for gold nor glee will I abide
By you, when ye arrive in that ſame place;
For liefer had I die, than ſee his deadly face.

33.

Ere long they come, where that ſame wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in a hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy clift ypight,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That ſtill for carion carcaſes doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghaſtly owl,
Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl:
And all about it wandring ghoſts did wail and howl.

34.

And all about, old ſtocks and ſtubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit, nor leaf was ever ſeen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged been,
Whoſe carcaſes were ſcatter'd on the green,
And thrown about the clift. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teen,
Would fain have fled, ne durſt approache near,
But th' other forc'd him ſtay, and comforted in fear.

35.

The darkſom cave they enter, where they find
That curſed man, low ſitting on the ground,
Muſing full ſadly in his ſullen mind;
His greazy locks, long growing and unbound,
Diſorder'd hung about his ſhoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Look'd deadly dull, and ſtared as aſtound;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were ſhrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

36. His

36.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pinn'd and patched was,
The which his naked ſides he wrapp'd abouts:
And him beſide there lay upon the graſs
A dreary corſe, whoſe life away did paſs,
All wallow'd in his own yet lukewarm blood,
That from his wound yet welled freſh, alas;
In which a ruſty knife faſt fixed ſtood,
And made an open paſſage for the guſhing flood.

37.

Which piteous ſpectacle, approving true
The woful tale that Treviſan had told,
When as the gentle Red-croſs knight did view,
With fiery zeal he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold:
And to the villain ſaid; thou damned wight,
The author of this fact, we here behold,
What juſtice can but judg againſt thee right,
With thine own blood to prize his blood, here ſhed in ſight.

38.

What frantic fit (quoth he) hath thus diſtraught,
Thee, fooliſh man, ſo raſh a doom to give?
What juſtice ever other judgment taught,
But he ſhould die, who merits not to live?
None elſe to death this man deſpairing drive,
But his own guilty mind deſerving death.
Is then unjuſt to each his doom to give?
Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at eaſe, that liveth here uneath?

39.

Who travels by the weary wandring way,
To come unto his wiſhed home in haſte,
And meets a flood, that doth his paſſage-ſtay,
Is not great grace to help him over paſt,
Or free his feet, that in the mire ſtick faſt?
Moſt envious man, that grieves at neighbour's good,
And fond, that joyeſt in the woe thou haſt,
Why will not let him paſs, that long hath ſtood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyſelf not paſs the flood?

40.

He there does now enjoy eternal reſt,
And happy eaſe, which thou doſt want and crave,
And further from it daily wandereſt:
What if ſome little pain the paſſage have,
That makes frail fleſh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not ſhort pain well borne, that brings long eaſe,
And lays the ſoul to ſleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after ſtormy ſeas,
Eaſe after war, death after life, does greatly pleaſe.

41.

The knight much wondred at his ſudden wit,
And ſaid: The term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor ſhorten it:
The ſoldier may not move from watchful ſted,
Nor leave his ſtand, until his captain bed.
Who life did limit by Almighty doom
(Quoth he) knows beſt the terms eſtabliſhed;
And he that points the centinel his room,
Doth licenſe him depart at ſound of morning droom.

42. Is

42.

Is not his deed, whatever thing is done,
In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
To die again? All ends that was begun;
Their terms in his eternal book of fate
Are written ſure, and have their certain date.
Who then can ſtrive with ſtrong neceſſity,
That holds the world in his ſtill changing ſtate,
Or ſhun the death ordain'd by deſtiny?
When hour of death is come, let none aſk whence,
nor why.

43.

The longer life, I wote the greater ſin,
The greater ſin, the greater puniſhment;
All thoſe great battles which thou boaſts to win,
Through ſtrife, and bloodſhed, and avengement,
Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou ſhalt repent:
For, life muſt life, and blood muſt blood repay.
Is not enough thy evil life foreſpent?
For he, that once hath miſſed the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth ſtray.

44.

Then do not further go, no further ſtray,
But here lie down, and to thy reſt betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life enſuen may;
For, what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cauſe it to forſake?
Fear, ſickneſs, age, loſs, labour, ſorrow, ſtrife,
Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thouſands more, do make a loathſom life.

45.

Thou, wretched man, of death haſt greateſt need,
If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy ſtate;
For, never knight that dared warlike deed,
More luckleſs diſadventures did amate:
Witneſs the dungeon deep, wherein of late
Thy life ſhut up, for death ſo oft did call;
And though good luck prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like miſhaps foreſtall,
Into the which hereafter thou mayeſt happen fall.

46.

Why then doſt thou, O man of ſin, deſire
To draw thy days forth to their laſt degree?
Is not the meaſure of thy ſinful hire
High heaped up with huge iniquity,
Againſt the day of wrath to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this lady mild
Thou falſed haſt thy faith with perjury,
And ſold thyſelf to ſerve Dueſſa vild,
With whom in all abuſe thou haſt thyſelf defil'd?

47.

Is not he juſt, that all this doth behold
From higheſt Heaven, and bears an equal eye?
Shall he thy ſins up in his knowledg fold,
And guilty be of thy impiety?
Is not his law, Let every ſinner die?
Die ſhall all fleſh? What then muſt needs be done,
Is it not better to do willingly,
Than linger till the glaſs be all out-run?
Death is the end of woes; die ſoon, O fairy's ſon.

48. The

48.

The knight was much enmoved with his ſpeech,
That as a ſword's point through his heart did pierce,
And in his conſcience made a ſecret breach,
Well knowing true, all that he did rehearſe,
And to his freſh remembrance did reverſe
The ugly view of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powers it did diſperſe
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
That oftentimes he quak'd, and fainted oftentimes.

49.

In which amazement, when the miſcreant
Perceived him to waver weak and frail,
While trembling horror did his conſcience dant,
And helliſh anguiſh did his ſoul aſſail;
To drive him to deſpair, and quite to quail,
He ſhew'd him painted in a table plain,
The damned ghoſts, that do in torments wail,
And thouſand fiends that do them endleſs pain
With fire and brimſtone, which for ever ſhall remain.

50.

The ſight whereof ſo throughly him diſmay'd,
That nought but death before his eyes he ſaw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous ſentence of th' Almighty's law:
Then 'gan the villain him to overcraw,
And brought unto him ſwords, ropes, poiſon, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;

And

And bade him chuſe, what death he would deſire:
For death was due to him that had provok'd God's ire.

51.

But when as none of them he ſaw him take,
He to him raught a dagger ſharp and keen,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leaf of aſpin green,
And troubled blood through his pale face was ſeen
To come and go; with tidings from the heart,
As it a running meſſenger had been.
At laſt reſolv'd to work his final ſmart,
He lifted up his hand, that back again did ſtart.

52.

Which when as Una ſaw, through every vein
The cruddled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a ſwoon: but ſoon reliev'd again,
Out of his hand ſhe ſnatch'd the curſed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him ſaid; fie, fie, faint-hearted knight,
What meaneſt thou by this reproachful ſtrife?
Is this the battle, which thou vaunt'ſt to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?

53.

Come, come away, frail, ſilly fleſhly wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
Ne deviliſh thoughts diſmay thy conſtant ſpright;
In heavenly mercies haſt thou not a part?
Why ſhould'ſt thou then deſpair, that choſen art?

Where

Where juſtice grows, there grows eke greater
grace,
The which doth quench the brond of helliſh
ſmart,
And that accur'd hand-writing doth deface:
Ariſe, Sir Knight, ariſe, and leave this curſed
place.

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## O D E,

### By Mr. Thomas Warton.

BENEATH the beech, whoſe branches bare
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whiſtle hollow as they wave;
Within a ſolitary grave,
A wretched Suicide holds his accurs'd abode.

Lour'd the grim morn, in murky dies,
Damp miſts involv'd the ſcowling ſkies,
And dimm'd the ſtruggling day;
As by the brook that lingering laves
Yon ruſh-grown moor with ſable waves,
Full of the dark reſolve he took his ſullen way.

I mark'd his deſultory pace,
His geſtures ſtrange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd ſound;
And ah! too late aghaſt I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd:
He fell, and groaning graſp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the ſlow return of light;
And ſought the pow'rs of ſleep,

To

To ſpread a momentary calm
O'er his ſad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to ſteep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endleſs noons alone,
Amid th' autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in haſty fit,
Abrupt the ſocial band to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Deſpair for ever in his view,
A ſpectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the ſhades of eve aroſe
And brought the day's unwelcome cloſe,
More horrible and huge her giant-ſhape ſhe rear'd.

"Is this, miſtaken Scorn will cry,
"Is this the youth, whoſe genius high,
"Could build the genuine rhime?
"Whoſe boſom mild the favouring muſe
"Had ſtor'd with all her ample views,
"Parent of faireſt deeds, and purpoſes ſublime?"

Ah! from the muſe that boſom mild
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To ſtrike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his ſoft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful ſenſe of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the ſharp ſtings of hopeleſs love;
To griefs congenial prone,

More

More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While Miſery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not it's own.

Then wiſh not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful nightſhade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twiſted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With ſpring's green-ſwelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though nor marble-piled buſt
Adorn his deſolated duſt,
With ſpeaking ſculpture wrought?
Pity ſhall woo the weeping Nine,
To build a viſionary ſhrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought.

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
Here viewleſs mourners ſhall delight
To touch the ſhadowy ſhell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, loſt in earlieſt bloom,
In melancholy tones ſhall ring his penſive knell.

To ſooth a lone, unhallow'd ſhade,
This votive dirge ſad duty paid,
Within an ivied nook:
Sudden the half-ſunk orb of day
More radiant ſhot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub voice my charm'd attention took.

"Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praiſe;
"Nor thus for guilt in ſpecious lays
"The wreath of glory twine:

"In

" In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
" Gay Fancy gives her veſt to flow,
" Unleſs Truth's matron-hand the floating folds
" confine.

" Juſt Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
" Permits through life at large to rove,
" The tribes of hell-born woe:
" Yet the ſame power that wiſely ſends
" Life's fierceſt ills, indulgent lends
" Religion's golden ſhield to break th' embattled
foe.

" Her aid divine had lull'd to reſt
" Yon foul ſelf-murtherer's throbbing breaſt,
" And ſtay'd the riſing ſtorm:
" Had bade the ſun of hope appear
" To gild the darken'd hemiſphere,
" And give the wonted bloom to nature's blaſted
form.

" Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
" To take, what firſt it deign'd to give,
" Thy tributary breath:
" In aweful expectation plac'd,
" Await thy doom, nor impious haſte
" To pluck from God's right hand his inſtru-
ments of death."

ELEGY

# ELEGY

## To the Memory of an unfortunate LADY.

By Mr. POPE.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt, along the moon-light ſhade
Invites my ſtep, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part;
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods!
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of kings and heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull, ſullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life that burn a length of years,
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres;
Like eaſtern kings a lazy ſtate they keep,
And cloſe confin'd in their own palace ſleep.
From theſe perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But

But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks, now fading at the blaſt of death;
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more!
Thus, if Eternal Juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearſes ſhall beſiege your gates.
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at other's woe.
What can atone (oh ever injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear,
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd;
What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe,
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What tho' no weeping loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?

What

What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt.
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame,
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!

Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
E'en he whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

THE END.

THE END.